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WALES,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY MARIA JAMES.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION,

BY A. POTTER, D. D.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN S. TAYLOR,
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INTRODUCTION.

Some years since, my wife, returning from a visit to a venerable friend in Dutchess county,* brought with her the Lines which will be found in this volume, entitled "An Ode, written for the 4th of July, 1833." She informed me that they were written by a young woman at service in the family, whom I had often noticed on account of her retiring and modest manners, and who had resided there in the same capacity more than twenty years. She also stated that these lines had been thrown off with great rapidity and apparent ease, and that the writer had been accustomed to find pleasure in similar efforts, from her earliest years. If the reader will turn to this Ode, he will not be surprised that such information should have awakened a very lively interest in

* Mrs. Garretson of Rhinebeck, widow of the late Rev. Freeborn Garretson, and sister of the late Chancellor Livingston and also of the late Hon. Edward Livingston. Mrs. Garretson still lives, at the advanced age of eighty-six, in full possession of her faculties, and the object of love and veneration to all who know her.

my mind. It led me to embrace an early opportunity of looking over a number of pieces with which I was furnished by one of the ladies of the family, and which appeared to me to merit, without reference to their origin, a wider circulation. These circumstances will account for the connexion of my name with the present volume.

It is proper for me to add, that I cannot claim to have acted as Editor to these poems. Infirm health, and an absence of several months from the country, would have prevented me from attempting to revise them, even had I thought such a course expedient. But I have rather thought that the reader would desire to see them in the precise garb with which they were invested by the writer. In that garb they are accordingly published, with the exception of a few slight errors, the correction of which properly belonged to the printer.

Many persons, I apprehend, will be inclined to doubt the wisdom of drawing from their obscurity, poems written under such circumstances. By some, the position of the authoress will be assumed as of itself sufficient evidence that they want merit. Others may hold, that even if not deficient in this respect, they ought still to be suppressed, since their publication can be of little service to her, and may do positive harm to oth-

ers in similar situations. If not successful with the public, this volume, which has been to its writer the source of so much innocent pleasure, will become (it is said) the occasion of intense mortification and pain; while, on the other hand, should it prove eminently popular, it will be but too apt to impair the simplicity of her character, and awaken aspirations which, in such a case, must be doomed to disappointment. At best, it will be thought to hold out to domestics, and those who lead lives of labour, an example of doubtful import, and one which is quite as likely to mislead as to profit. These objections were once stated by Dr. Johnson, in his own sententious manner. "He spoke," says his biographer,* "with much contempt of the notice taken of Woodhouse, the poetical shoemaker. He said it was all vanity and childishness, and that such objects were, to those who patronised them, mere mirrors of their own superiority. They had better (said he) furnish the man with good implements for his trade, than raise subscriptions for his poems. He may make an excellent shoemaker, but can never make a poet."

Though one cannot admire the tone in which these objections were urged by the *Great Cham*

* Boswell's Life, Lond., 1799, p. 123.

of Literature, (as he was wittily styled by Smollett,) yet it is due to truth to admit that they are not without force. As too often managed, such undertakings are fraught with little advantage to the party more immediately interested, or to the public. Very moderate talent, perhaps a mere facility at versifying, because exhibited by one in humble life, is mistaken for genius. Its possessor is told that he or she should lay aside work, and should aspire to the honours of authorship. Patronage is extended barely sufficient to tempt them from pursuits in which they have hitherto found an independent and happy subsistence, and to engage them in one of precarious and anxious effort, where they are continually harassed by the feeling that their habits and capacities are at war with their too ambitious desires; and thus persons who might have been contented and useful as artizans or servants, become miserable, and too often contemptible as authors.

Very different from this, however, has been the course pursued in the present instance. The taste for books and original composition which Maria James early manifested, has not been repressed; nor, on the other hand, has it been encouraged at the expense of duties which, however humble in themselves, always deserve preference, for the simple reason that they are duties. The friends

who had the discernment to appreciate and the kindness to counsel and encourage her, wisely abstained from any appeals to her ambition. It was her own active and discursive mind, seeking to relieve itself of "thick-coming fancies," that first prompted her to write; and in such cases the effort brings with it its own reward. Instead of interfering with her customary occupations, her most successful attempts have been made when she was hardest at work* — the lines being composed as a relief from the monotony of labour, and retained in the memory sometimes for weeks before they were committed to paper. Happily for herself, she early made the discovery, that the highest dignity of a rational mind is to be found in coupling the cultivation of its own powers with the diligent discharge of duty; and I need not say that, to those who have made this discovery, the fame of successful authorship is but a secondary object. I have no hesitation in adding, that, had I found her eaten up with the desire of praise, writing only that she might have the means of emerging from the obscurity of her situation, and in terror or in transport as she anticipated the

* A lady once said to her, "I suppose your poetry often keeps you awake." "No," was her reply, "it never kept me awake an hour; but it is often busy with me at the wash-tub — though white-washing is the most favourable!"

frowns or smiles of criticism, I should have declined any agency in the publication of this volume. I should have felt that its merit, be it ever so great, had better remain unknown, than transpire only to make her less simple and less happy. I believe, however, I speak but simple truth, when I say that she feels less solicitude in regard to the reception of these pieces, than is felt by many of the friends who have interested themselves in procuring subscribers. She has often expressed, in her own simple but forcible manner, the sentiment with which Montesquieu introduces his Persian Letters to the reader: — "Je ne fais point ici d'epître dedicatoire, & je ne demande point de protection pour ce livre: on le lira, s'il est bon; and s'il est mauvais, je ne me souci pas qu'on le lisè."

But, before dismissing the objections which have been so forcibly stated by Dr. Johnson, I would add one or two remarks. With a portion of truth, they seem to me to incorporate much and pernicious error. "He may make an excellent shoemaker," says the sage, "but can never make a poet." This is said of one, too, whom Mr. Southey has thought worthy of honourable mention in his Essay on the "Lives of Uneducated Poets." The remark appears to proceed upon the assumption that, being a shoemaker, he

could not be a poet — that there is something in the very nature of humble manual toil, when pursued for years, that disqualifies the mind for the lofty breathings of poetry. And this supposition seems to be at the bottom of much of the antipathy which is usually expressed in regard to uneducated poets. Men reason as if God dispensed the highest intellectual gifts with a partial hand; as if they must always fall *above* that social line which separates the wealthy and educated few from the poor and laborious multitude; when all experience shows that these gifts are showered often most prodigally among the humble and toil-worn — as if to compensate for the want of outward advantages, by a nobler inward wealth.

> "Burns o'er the plough sung sweet his wood-notes wild,
> And richest Shakspeare was a poor man's child."

And who does not feel, that the very fact of such spirits rising from scenes which we have been accustomed to associate with little but intellectual sterility, invests them with peculiar interest. We hail them as glorious witnesses to the native and irrepressible power of true genius. We see in them evidence that for some minds there is another, and perhaps a better, training than that of books and schools — and that, before all training, is —

> An invisible instinct, framing them
> To poetry unlearned — honour untaught:
> ——————— a knowledge
> That wildly grows in them, yet yieldeth crops
> As though it had been sown.

Yet such cases are commonly regarded as exceptions. Manual labour was for so many ages the badge of servitude, and servitude was found so generally associated with intellectual debasement, that we have almost brought ourselves to regard that as the order of Providence which was in truth but the consequence of human oppression, and to look on labour as if it had an inherent tendency to debase and deaden the mind. Hence, when we meet indications of genius in persons born to this inheritance, we feel as if they must be transferred to more liberal pursuits, or their talents will be stifled. We ridicule the idea of poetical shoemakers and housemaids. It is by such means that the great mass of mankind, whose lot is labour, are taught that they have little to do with intellectual cultivation, and less still with polite letters. A large proportion of them, alas! are but too ready to imbibe the lessons, and the consequenee is, that their lives are passed in comparative ignorance and vacancy; while the few, who feel the yearnings of a nobler spirit, renounce their employments, and thus contribute to strength-

en the impression that a life of manual toil is incompatible with the due cultivation of our higher faculties.

But what is the fact? The fact is, that God has bestowed the gifts of fancy and intellect on all classes alike; and we can conceive of no reason for which he did this, but that those gifts should be cherished and cultivated by all. The fact is, again, that manual labour is the portion of much the largest part of our race, and we can scarcely believe that this would have been the case, had such a portion been inconsistent with the exercise and enjoyment of our nobler powers. Instead of intending that the *man* should be merged in the *labourer*, the Most High must rather have designed that the *labourer* should be merged in the *man*, and should stand forth in his appropriate dignity. On this point, indeed, he has not left himself without witness. To show that no station is too humble for the display of the highest gifts, He caused his own Son to "take upon himself the form of a servant." Christ came not to be ministered unto, but to minister; and when he sent forth apostles, as if to rebuke that lofty spirit with which men are accustomed to look down on the toils of the poor, he selected fishermen and tentmakers. So, in every age, God has been raising up one after another from the ranks of menial employment,

to shine as lights in the world. A statue was erected to Æsop, (though a slave,) that it might be seen that the way to honour was open even for those in the lowest estate. Terence, an African and a slave, won the palm as a poet when Scipio and Laelius were judges. The Bard of the Middle Ages was but a humble retainer in the halls of his liege; and though in later times authorship has formed, in some sense, a distinct profession, we have not been left without illustrious evidence that the Muse still reserves some of her choicest inspirations for the sons of toil. The two Bloomfields, — the ploughman Burns, — Elliott, the author of "Corn-Law Rhymes," — Dodsley, whose first production, "The Muse in Livery," was written while he was yet a footman, — Phillis Wheatley, an African slave at Boston, whose poems were printed in England, under the patronage of several distinguished persons, and were justly admired for their elegance and force, — these and many more are instances in point. Indeed, in this age, so remarkable for blending theoretical and practical pursuits — the *dulce* with the *utile*, — we have most striking proofs of the folly of the old notion, that literary excellence can be attained only in the deep seclusion of groves and libraries. Merchants and bankers have woven for themselves unfading wreaths; clerks have

retired from the most mechanical drudgery at the desk, to delight the world with the inimitable play of a rich and sportive fancy. And he who best could tell, — Scott, — "regarded it (we are assured) as the 'cant of sonneteers,' that there is a necessary connexion between genius and an aversion or contempt for any of the common duties of life. He thought, on the contrary, that to spend some fair portion of every day in any matter-of-fact occupation, is good for the higher faculties themselves, in the upshot. He piqued himself on being a man of business."* No one can study the history of literature without observing that, while science claims, as it advances, a more and more exclusive devotion from its disciples, — letters, on the other hand, are descending into the arena of every day life, and are offering their honours to ingenuous minds of every rank.

With the progress of popular education and of true Christianity, a great change must inevitably take place in the intellectual condition of what are termed the working classes, and in their relation to letters and the arts. Already literary

* Lockhart's Life of Scott. See also, on this subject, a delightful chapter (xi.) in Coleridge's Lit. Biographia, entitled "An Affectionate Exhortation to those who in Early Life feel themselves disposed to become Authors;" also Talfourd's Life, &c. of Charles Lamb, vol. 1, p. 207.

effort gives occupation to a large proportion of the talent of the world. Classes that formerly thought of nothing but politics or war, and looked down on literature as appropriate to the inmates of the monastery only, now feel that successful authorship can add new lustre even to hereditary honours; and while rising to such a fellowship with rank and power, it has not failed, on the other hand, to form new alliances with the people. It is to be expected, then, that this auspicious revolution will continue to advance till its influence becomes universal, and till authorship, even among labouring men and women, by becoming common, shall cease to appear misplaced. Such a change will doubtless be long in reaching domestic servants. As a class, they have little command of time; a spirit of self-reliance is not cultivated among them, and their efforts at self-improvement are too seldom encouraged. It is not enough considered, that these efforts might be so directed as to conduce alike to the interest of the employer and the happiness of the employed. The latter, in their intercourse with the children of a family, cannot but exert a powerful influence; and that influence will be salutary just in proportion as they are enlightened and refined. A taste for reading and for intellectual improvement need not interfere with any of their appropriate duties;

and if appreciated and encouraged by their superiors, it could hardly fail to render them more contented under the restraints inseparable from their condition, and more anxious to merit and secure confidence. We complain, in this country, that this class of persons are restless and inefficient; and some grounds for the complaint must certainly exist, so long as they are surrounded by inducements to adopt other pursuits. Yet it deserves to be considered, whether greater solicitude on the part of their employers, for their comfort and welfare as rational beings, might not serve to allay this evil. It is believed that few servants are treated as friends, who, though inferiors in position, are on that account not the less valued or esteemed, — without showing, by their increased zeal and fidelity, that they feel and would repay the kindness.

In every attempt, however, to extend the blessings of intellectual culture to labouring people, two things must be borne in mind — one is, that such persons require to be addressed, principally, through the medium of the imagination and the feelings. It is a sad mistake to suppose that mere knowledge, in its naked form, or in its application to the arts of life, is all that such minds need. Books made up of abstractions, or filled with the hard and dry details of physical science, will never

be found capable of interesting those who are unaccustomed to reflect — and who feel but slightly the promptings of curiosity. The contents of every village Library, and of every book-shelf in our kitchens and farm-houses, might teach us the error of modern systems of Public Instruction in this respect, and show the necessity of employing works which speak to the understanding through the fancy and the affections. And hence the high place which Poetry must always occupy in the literature of the great mass of the people. "*The poet,*" says Sir Philip Sydney,* "*is your right popular philosopher* — He yieldeth to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possess the soul so much as that other doth." Indeed before we ridicule the cultivation among the poor of a taste for this noblest of arts, we should consider that a large portion of our bibles is poetry, and that this medium of communication with mankind could hardly have been adopted by Infinite Wisdom, without a good reason. "Certainly," adds Sydney, "in another place, our Saviour, Christ, could as well have given the moral common places of uncharitableness and humbleness, as the Divine nar-

* Defence of Poesy.

ration of Dives and Lazarus — or of disobedience and mercy, as the heavenly discourse of the lost child and the gracious father — but that his thorough searching wisdom knew the estate of Dives burning in Hell, and of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, would more constantly, as it were, inhabit both the memory and judgement. Truly for myself (meseems) I see before me the lost child's disdainful prodigality turned to envy a swine's dinner, which by the learned divines are thought not historical acts, but instructive parables."

It should also be considered, that in proportion as the minds of a people are cultivated, they will be incited to original composition. Montesinos, in one of Southey's Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, is made to express the opinion, that in consequence of education and the general diffusion of cheap books, more poems will be written, but fewer published; "because both in poetry and the kindred art of painting, imitative power will be so commonly called forth, that it will no longer be mistaken for an indication of genius." At present one who steps forth from humble life as an author, has to encounter on one hand the shafts of ridicule, — on the other, the incense of misplaced and extravagant praise. When the talent for writing shall become so

common in any class as to excite no special wonder, minds will then be left to act "at their own sweet will." No misjudging friend will be at hand to overstimulate or to repress too harshly. The neglected but most important truth that every situation in life affords opportunities for mental improvement, and that humble life is peculiarly favourable to the study and delineation of nature, and of many of the workings of the human heart,—this truth will be appreciated. Whatever is published will be subjected to the common ordeal of criticism, and will stand or fall according to its merits. Poetry, written and printed, under such circumstances, can do little harm to any. Its author it can hardly fail to benefit. "It opens," says Lander, "many sources of tenderness that lie forever in the rock without it." Or to borrow the words of Mackenzie, "Poetry (let the prudence of the world say what it will,) is one of the noblest amusements. Our philanthropy is almost always increased by it. There is a certain poetic ground on which we cannot tread without feelings that mend the heart, and many who are not able to reach the Parnassian heights, may yet advance so near as to be bettered by the air of the climate."

I cannot close these remarks, without adding a passage from a private letter of one who has

shown herself a devoted friend of the working classes, and who in a late volume* has spoken in behalf of domestic servants with true wisdom and pathos, as well as with a noble disregard of that contempt which is but too apt, even in this Republican country, to be expressed for all efforts to raise the masses into the scale of intellectual and social welfare. This passage will show that Miss Sedgwick's views are entirely free from that *radical* tendency with which they have been charged — that while she would urge employers to consult the happiness and improvement of their domestics, she would at the same time teach the latter to expect true enjoyment and dignity from nothing but the contented and dutiful performance of the part assigned them by Providence. Some apology may be due to her for the liberty which I take in transcribing this passage; but the caution which it contains is so seasonable, and comes from her with so much authority, that I cannot refrain from making it public. The letter was in reply to one in which I had requested information of other cases similar to that of Maria James.

"I do not remember any instance analogous to Maria James's — any person in precisely her sphere, who had solaced a life of labour with in-

* Live and let live.

tellectual occupations. But I have known several persons in Stockbridge, which is but a small country town, who were *operatives* — men employed on farms, and women in domestic labours, whose highest pleasure was in the exercise of their intellectual faculties, and who not only read all the books they could compass, but occasionally wrote what others might read with pleasure and profit. The tendency of an education so diffused as that of New England, is to make a writing as well as a reading people. The ambition for literary notoriety does not, it seems to me, need stimulus. Our people, on the contrary, require to be taught that mind may be employed upon humble duties, and virtue expended upon actions that, in this world at least, will forever remain in obscurity. I should doubt (I say it to you, sir, with diffidence,) the expediency of presenting Maria James as an example to be followed by minds in her sphere. A mind that like hers has a spring within itself, cannot be repressed within conventional boundaries; and her achievements should be made known to repress the supercilious pride of the privileged and educated, and to raise the courage, and fortify the self-respect of the mute and inglorious in humble life — to prove that as Mad. de Stael said, "genius has no sex" — neither has it any condition. But while I should

wish this done — while I should wish the humblest stimulated to the cultivation and enjoyment of their intellectual faculties, I would have them feel that a *dutiful* performance gives dignity to the lowliest office — that a domestic may find exercise for mind and heart in the prescribed duties of her station — and that their intellectual faculties do not run to waste, because they are not devoted to what is esteemed their highest exercise. I have seen many persons disturbed with longings after something out of their condition, when they would have been made happy by a right appreciation of what was within it. I do not mean by this that I never discourage a taste for letters in working men and women. Books are sure and unfailing friends — and like all friends, their value is more fully realized in the shady than in the sunny places of life. I am not sure that I have expressed myself very clearly — for having various domestic cares and anxieties just now, I scarcely write two lines without interruption. All that I mean is, that I would carefully avoid affording our domestics incentives to be authors, instead of giving to their own calling the dignity and worth of which it is susceptible."

A. POTTER.

Union College, Dec. 1838.

MEMOIR.

Some desire will probably be felt by the readers of this volume, to become better acquainted with the personal history of the writer. Fortunately, it is in my power to gratify this curiosity in her own language. Some months since, I requested Miss Garretson to obtain specimens of her earlier efforts at composition, that I might be able to trace the progress of her mind, and to observe the circumstances which might have contributed to its developement. In her reply, Miss G. says, "I mentioned when I first returned, your desire to have some of Maria's early pieces, that you might mark the progress of her mind. She said she had destroyed them all, and it was well I did (she said.) It was all there, but I wanted the power of utterance then." She added however, "that she would, if she could, write for Mrs. Potter* the history of her mind's progress." I subjoin it in her own words — simply adding,

* Who before her marriage had often been an inmate of the family.

that she appears to have contracted some suspicion that I intended to make it public — for she complains that she was unable to write with her usual ease or spirit. Miss G. in forwarding the sketch says, " Maria has copied until she has taken the spirit from it. The rough draught was far the best, but that she has destroyed."

TO MRS. POTTER.

Rhinebeck, May 26th, 1838.

DEAR MADAM—In answer to the question, respecting the manner in which the little knowledge I possess was obtained, I will endeavour to reply with simplicity and brevity,—by bringing forward circumstances which may serve the point from childhood to the present time.

Towards the completion of my seventh year, I found myself on ship-board, surrounded by men, women, and children, whose faces were unknown to me: it was here perhaps that I first began to learn in a particular manner from observation, soon discovering that those children who were handsome or smartly drest, received much more attention than myself, who had neither of these recommendations; however, instead of giving way to feelings of envy and jealousy, my imagination was revelling among the fruits and flowers which I expected to find in the land to which we were bound. I also had an opportunity to learn a little English during the voyage, as 'take care,' and 'get out of the way,' seemed reiterated from land's-end to land's-end.

After our family were settled in some measure, I was sent to school, my father having commenced teaching me at home some time previous. I think there was no particular aptness to learn about me. After I could read, I took much delight in John Rogers's last advice to his children, with all the excellent et cæteras to be found in the old English primer. I was also fond of reading the common hymn-book—the New Testament was my only school-book. Thus accomplished, I happened one day to hear a young woman read Addison's inimitable paraphrases of the 23d psalm. I listened as to the voice of an angel; those who know the power of good reading or good speaking, need not be told, that where there is an ear for sound, the manner in which either is done will make every possible difference: this, probably, was the first time that I ever heard a good reader.

My parents again removing, I found myself in a school where the elder children used the American preceptor. I listened in transport as they read Dwight's Columbia, which must have been merely from the smoothness of its sound, as I could have had but very little knowledge of its meaning. I was now ten years of age, and as an opportunity offered which my parents saw fit to embrace, I entered the family in which I now reside, where, besides learning many useful household occupations, that care and attention was paid to my words and actions, as is seldom to be met with, in such situations.

I had before me, some of the best models for good reading and good speaking; and any child with a natural ear for the beautiful in language, will notice these things; and though their conversation may not differ materially from that of others in their line of life, they will almost invariably *think* in the style of their admiration.

The sacred Scriptures here, as in my father's house, was the book of books, the heads of the family constantly impressing on all, that 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,' and to depart from iniquity is understanding.' There is scarcely any thing that can affect the mind of young persons like those lessons of wisdom which fall from lips they love and respect.

Besides frequent opportunities of hearing instructive books read, my leisure hours were often devoted to one or the other of these works; first, the 'Female Mentor,' comprising within itself a little epitome of elegant literature; two odd volumes of the Adventurer; Miss Hannah Moore's cheap repository, and Pilgrim's Progress. During a period of nearly seven years, which I spent in this family, the newspapers were more or less filled with the wars and fightings of our European neighbours. My imagination took fire, and I lent an ear to the whispers of the muse.

"'Twas then that first she prun'd the wing;
'Twas then she first essay'd to sing."

But the wing was powerless, and the song without melody. As I advanced towards womanhood, I shrunk from the nick-

name of poet, which had been awarded me: the very idea seemed the height of presumption. In my seventeenth year I left this situation to learn dress-making. I sewed neatly, but too slow to ensure success. My failure in this was always a subject of regret. After this, I lived some time in different situations, my employment being principally in the nursery. In each of these different families, I had access to those who spoke the purest English, also frequent opportunities of hearing correct and elegant readers — at least I believed them such by the effect produced on my feelings; and although nineteen years have nearly passed away since my return to the home of my early life, I have not ceased to remember with gratitude the kind treatment received from different persons at this period; while my attachment to their children has not been obliterated by time, nor by absence; and is likely to continue,

Till death itself congeal the purple tide.

Such, my dear Madam, is a brief outline of the ways and means by which I acquired the little knowledge which I possess; the whole amount of my school-learning, being to read and write, with some understanding in arithmetic.

With respect to my religious advantages, they have been neither few nor small. My mother was an upright, conscientious Christian: — how often have I heard her voice in prayer for the souls of her children,

So fervent, so sincere.

My father became a professor of religion some time after I left home. Wherein soever I may have erred in the course of my life, it certainly could not be charged to those with whom my lot has been cast. From the earliest dawn of reason to the present time, I have been blest with religious instruction, with religious example. I did not profit in the season of youth as I should have done, with such advantages; yet the Holy Spirit left me not to perish, but was continually crying after me, by the sacred word, by the preaching of the gospel, by the warnings of his faithful

servants, and since I have set my face Zionward, so manifold have been my short-comings, my imperfections, that I would fain lay my hand on my mouth, and my mouth in the dust, crying unclean, unclean.

With respect to the few poems which you have been so kind as to overlook, I can hardly say myself, how they came to be written. I recollect many years ago, of trying something in this way for the amusement of a little boy, who was very dear to me: except this, with a very few other pieces, long forgotten, no attempt of the kind was made until 'The Mother's lament; "Elijah;" with a number of epitaphs, which were written previous to those which have been produced within the last six years. The "Humming-bird," being the oldest of these, was taken captive by my own hand; the 'Adventure' is described just as it happened. Wales is a kind of retrospect of the days of childhood; if it has any merit, it must be owing to one particular, namely, that it is the truth from end to end. Of 'Ambition,' permit me, dear Madam, to call your attention to the summer of 1832, when yourself with the other ladies of this family were reading Bourrienne's Life of N. B. I had opportunities of hearing a little sometimes, which brought forcibly to my mind certain conversations which I heard in the early part of my life respecting this wonderful man. The poem was produced the following summer.

In the year 1819, the "American flag," appeared in the N. Y. American, signed Croaker & Co.: this had like to have kindled up the poetic fires in my breast, which however did not find utterance until fourteen years afterwards, in the ode on the fourth of July, 1833. This appearing in print, some who did not know me very well, remarked to others, 'do you suppose she ever wrote it? Being answered in the affirmative, it was further 'imagined' she must have had help.' These remarks gave rise to the question, 'what is poetry?' The "Album" was begun and carried through without previous arrangement or design; laid aside when the mind was weary, and taken up again just as the subject happened to present itself. "Friendship" was produced in the

same way. Many of the pieces are written from impressions received in youth, particularly the "Whippoorwill," "the Meadow-lark," the "Fire-fly," &c.

Fearing that I have already tired your patience, I will hasten to subscribe myself,

Dear Madam,

Your most obedient,

And very humble servant,

1838. MARIA JAMES.

In the letter which accompanied this sketch, Miss Garretson added several facts from her own recollection, which will be read with interest. In regard to Maria's early life, she says:—

"Maria came to us when she was about 10 years old. Her mother was an excellent woman, and had then just moved to the slate quarries, in Clinton, about 7 miles off. I remember her constantly at church; the whole distance to which she walked. She was at that time the only professing Christian in the little settlement;* the rest she used to assemble at her house, to read for them, and pray with them in her own language, (the quarry was principally worked by Welch people.) Mamma took a very great liking to this excellent woman, and as I was a sickly sedentary child, thought that if she could get a little girl of my own age to bring up, it would be a great advantage to my health. She accordingly applied to Mrs. James, and found that her eldest daughter was of a suitable age to be useful in the house, and to be a companion for me, and without seeing her, bespoke her.

* Shortly after papa was sent for to baptize a child at the quarry. He established preaching there: an extensive revival took place among the Welch, and Maria's father was one of the subjects of it.

She was brought, in her striped homespun dress, well instructed by her mother in all the proprieties of her situation, and in all its moral duties — with a pathos and a simplicity, which might have shamed many an elaborate discourse. Among other things, her mother instructed her always to call Mamma *Mistress*, — a term which, with the definite article before it, has always been used by our family as a term of endearment and respect. Her work was light, — and when it was finished, with her clean apron on, she always took her seat on a little bench in the parlour, with her knitting, or sewing, while I said my lessons to mamma, or we read. The lessons were very trifling; but we read a great deal. Papa and mamma were very indefatigable readers, and every interesting or useful book, was read aloud for the good of the whole. When we lived in New-York, Maria was sent to school. She could read, and I believe write, when she came to us; and papa took some pains with her hand, which she tells me, was formed on the model of his. He was at all events, more successful in forming hers than mine."

In regard to the circumstances which at this early period must have operated in the formation of Maria's character, Miss G. says:—

"Steam-boats and Rail-roads had not then drawn together the ends of the world, — so that we were a very quiet family, seeing, with the exception of our relations, very few persons beside our brethren of the ministry, and of the laity too; — for there was rarely a wandering Methodist (gentle or simple,) that did not put up for a night at least, at Father Garretson's. There was much of romance as well as poetry in the Methodist preacher's character in those days. They dropped in upon us, in the midst of storms and cold, — brought us tidings from the north and south, the east and west, (our conferences were then very extended,) and always sent a thrill of pleasure to our young hearts. The tidings of a "Methodist preacher coming," was echoed from kitchen to parlour, and from parlour to bed-room, until all were

on the watch, and the saddle-bags and peculiar joy were discovered. I mention these circumstances, as I think they must have had their effect in the formation of her character. If she enjoyed them with as keen a relish as I did, I am sure they had. It was a romantic age in every respect, and we shared largely in it. I remember, I used to love Pilgrim's Progress dearly, for I thought I saw in it a picture of our own times. The City of Destruction was behind us,—and though with an unrenewed heart, I almost felt as if I was one of the children travelling to Mount Zion, in the train of Christiana, and Mr. Great Heart our guide. The house of Gaius wore to me a strong likeness to the houses I was familiar with."

She then speaks of Maria's first attempts at verse:—

"About this time, Maria began to write. The only one of her early pieces I recollect, she has alluded to. I had it long in manuscript, but have lost it. She never committed it to paper, but papa did. He called her to him one evening, questioned her about her talent, and begged her to repeat something she had composed. With great modesty, she dictated the following lines, which he wrote:

'He bled in scenes well known before;
He died upon a hostile shore:
The thirsty earth did drink his blood;
His spirit went unto his God.

And on his grave the evening star,
Mild as the morn which shines from far;
And Cynthia darts her paley beam,
While shining in the grand serene.

There nature mourns in tears of dew;
There loveliest flowers around him grew;
And there the Muses sit and weep,
When all the world is hush'd in sleep.'

I think she was between twelve and thirteen when papa wrote this from her dictation. She read as much as she had opportu-

nity. Her work of course became heavier as she advanced in years; but it was always sufficiently light to give her some leisure, — and she was always the companion of our sports, even after many companions were added to my little circle. She was always imaginative, and her imagination carried her amid European scenes. She was also very aristocratic in her notions. Her pictures of the noble and grand were perfectly unreal; and I well recollect that, in our little disputes as children, she always took the aristocratic, and I the democratic side of the argument."

Miss G. continues, —

"When Maria was between 15 and 16, mamma thought her so entirely superior to her situation, that she had her placed with an excellent mantua-maker in New-York. It was at a great sacrifice of feeling that we separated from her. Mamma wept at parting with her, as if she had been a daughter. Not being able, as she states, to get employment, and her sister having taken her place in our family, she went out to service in New-York. It was not till after 8 or 9 years that she returned to us, — and while she was absent, I do not think she wrote more than two or three pieces. When she left us, though she showed a kind and natural feeling, I imagine that the future looked bright before her. Her character, as I have said, was romantic; and I suppose that life, viewed through the medium of a warm and poetic imagination, seemed full of promise. After an absence of several years, she returned to the same spot; and I believe many sad feelings accompanied her return, (though she did not express them.) She had known the realities of life, apart perhaps from some of the sympathies which the peculiarity of her character required, — and she now set herself down, to be as much as possible a commonplace woman. I doubt if any one ever more faithfully endeavoured to bring down their manners and tastes to a level with their circumstances. In regard to her religious character, she had always, I think, the fear of God before her eyes; but a year or two after her return, she became decidedly pious, and was united to the church."

Speaking of her intellectual habits, Miss G. states, —

"Maria has read comparatively little for many years, — but has observed a great deal, and reflected even more than she has observed. Since she began to write, or rather since her writings have elicited remark, she has frequently been urged to read Shakspeare, &c. &c. She has always said to me, — 'Miss Mary, I never find that those things inspire me. *I find nothing I read has that effect, except the Bible.*' — She has, in no common degree, an eye for the beauty and poetry of nature, and an ear for its harmonies; and her moral sense deeply appreciates the lessons which she draws from them. The first piece which she wrote, after her return, was occasioned by the wedding of a Christian friend, whom she accompanied. The match, however, turned out badly, — the piece was ridiculed; (her feelings have been always keenly alive to ridicule;) and though, as well as I can recollect, it was very beautiful, she will not consent to put it in the book. The next time she wrote was for the infant school, — a few lines which I have lost, — and 'Elijah.' They were quite off-hand productions, — the subject given in the evening, and the lines handed in the next morning. The next was a piece written in a blank leaf of my father's life, which she dictated to Winnifred while at the ironing-table. The next were the pieces in the book, entitled 'To Harriet,' and 'To Winnifred,' — two young girls who were just setting out in the Christian life, — very intimate and lovely, — both in our kitchen, — one as the school-mistress of the district school. She next wrote a piece which was characteristic of Mr. ———'s preaching, which she has destroyed. Since then she has written frequently, as you know. I think, decidedly, her poems are much more the result of observation and reflection, than of reading or conversation. They are almost always composed when she is in the midst of active, but solitary employment."

There is much in this narrative to awaken re-

flection. It shows us what can be done, by kind and judicious employers, for the happiness and improvement of those who are under their control. To those who are appointed to lives of labour, it conveys the important and cheering lesson that, for them as well as for others, there are means of intellectual culture, and that the use of these means is perfectly compatible with the most meek and faithful discharge of their duties: — it teaches, too, that the book of books is an inexhaustible treasury for the intellect and taste, as well as for the heart; — and, finally, it reassures us of the delightful truth, that He who "tempers the breeze to the shorn lamb," can lighten the pressure of the severest toil, without deadening the intellect, or making the heart callous; that it is in the power of an active, but chastened imagination, to mingle bright and healthy visions with the dull details of labour; and, above all, that a Christian's faith can draw down from heaven substantial and enduring glories, with which to invest the humblest occupations. But on these topics I need not enlarge.

Some of these pieces will be found, I trust, to breathe the true spirit of poetry, — "simple, sensuous, and impassioned." None will question that they breathe a yet nobler spirit, — the spirit of true piety. I cannot but hope that, in the opinion

which I formed when I first read them, I shall be sustained by the verdict of the public; that they will find in them "some things" which "the world will not willingly let die." Should this be the case, may my humble, but valued friend, show that she is proof against all the temptations of celebrity, and that she still finds her happiness in the cheerful and unostentatious performance of her accustomed duties. A. P.

MOTTO.

I WOULD not ask, — for that were vain, —
To mingle with the reaper train, —
Who gayly sing, as hast'ning by
To pile their golden sheaves on high;
But with the group who meet the view,
In kerchief red and apron blue,
I crave the scatter'd ears they yield,
To bless the gleaner of the field.

WALES.

Beyond the dark blue sea,
  Beyond the path of storms,
Where wave with wave, in converse loud,
  Uprear their forms, —

Westward, on Britain's isle,
  The rocky cliffs are seen,
With cities fair, and ruin'd towers,
  And meadows green.

But cities fair, or towers,
  Are not so dear to me
As one lone cot that stood beside
  A spreading tree.

Though dim on memory's page
  The recollections rise,
As backward, through the vale of years,
  I cast my eyes;

Yet well I mind the fields
  Where best I lov'd to roam,
Or meet my father when at night
  Returning home.

And well I mind the path
  That led towards the spring,
And how I listened when the birds
  Were carolling.

And well I mind the flowers,
  In gay profusion spread
O'er hill and dale, and how I deck'd
  My garden bed.

For there the summer sun
  Unfolds the cowslip-bell,
And there the cuckoo's voice is heard
  In shady dell.

There Snowdon lifts his head
  To greet the rising day,
Whose latest glories linger round
  The summits gray.

There sleep her sons of fame;
  There rest her bards of yore:

And shall the Cambrian lyre
Awake no more?

Cymry,* thou wert of old
A land renown'd for song;
But where is now thy soul of fire, —
Thy melting tongue?

'Twas in that tongue that first
I heard the Book Divine, —
The guide through life's bewildering maze, —
A light to shine.

And still the sacred page,
At morn or even tide,
From lips which now are hush'd in death,
Did calmly glide.

I heard Jehovah's praise
In Cymry's native tongue,
And hung upon those artless strains, —
In rapture hung.

'Twas like the gushing streams
In dry and thirsty land,

* The Welch for Cambria.

Or soul-dissolving melody
Of some full band.

'Twas in that tongue that first
I heard the voice of prayer,
Beseeching Heaven to take us all
Beneath its care.

Was ever cause on earth
With interest so replete,
As when a parent's heart draws near
The mercy-seat?

So fervent, such sincere,
Importunate distress, —
"Oh bless them, for the Saviour's sake, —
My Father, bless!

"And if, through cloud and storm,
Life's troubled waves be past, —
Oh grant them this — that safe in heaven
They moor at last."

Land of my fathers! ne'er
Shall I forget thy name, —
Oh ne'er while in this bosom glows
Life's transient flame!

ODE,

WRITTEN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1833.

I SEE that banner proudly wave,—
Yes, proudly waving yet,
Not a stripe is torn from the broad array, —
Not a single star is set;
And the eagle, with unruffled plume,
Is soaring aloft in the welkin dome.

Not a leaf is pluck'd from the branch he bears;
From his grasp not an arrow has flown;
The mist that obstructed his vision is past,
And the murmur of discord is gone;
For he sees, with a glance over mountain and plain,
The union unbroken, from Georgia to Maine.

Far southward, in that sunny clime,
Where bright magnolias bloom,
And the orange with the lime tree vies
In shedding rich perfume,
A sound was heard like the ocean's roar,
As its surges break on the rocky shore.

Was it the voice of the tempest loud,
As it fell'd some lofty tree,
Or a sudden flash from a passing storm
Of heaven's artillery?
But it died away, and the sound of doves
Is heard again in the scented groves.

The links are all united still,
That form the golden chain, —
And peace and plenty smile around,
Throughout the wide domain: —
How feeble is language, — how cold is the lay,
Compar'd with the joy of this festival day —
To see that banner waving yet, —
Aye, waving proud and high, —
No rent in all its ample folds;
No stain of crimson dye:
And the eagle spreads his pinions fair,
And mounts aloft in the fields of air.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF THE LIFE OF THE REV. F. GARRETSON.

If from the mansions of the dead,
Those silent lips could speak to me, —
They still would say, as oft they've said,
" Behold the Lamb on Calvary !"

No more the patriarch's voice we hear
At morn, like holy incense rise, —
Nor when the evening shades appear,
In offering up the sacrifice.

But far above we'll seek for him,
Where saints and bright arch-angels dwell, —
And where the burning seraphim
Their holy song of rapture swell.

1831.

ON SEEING A BUST

OF THE LATE HON. EDWARD LIVINGSTON.

'Tis not the cold and lifeless stone, —
Memorial of some cherish'd one ;
The chisel's pure, unerring line,
That mocks the human face divine ;
But soul-transfus'd through every part,
That chains the sense and wins the heart.
The listening ear, the attentive eye,
The air of gentle courtesy ;
A look that might with sounds dispense
A calm and silent eloquence, —
Which tells of deep research, that went
Beyond the outward tenement, —
Of light, of presence well defined,
That shone upon the sculptor's mind, —
Who, as he fashion'd still with care,
Has left the radiance beaming there.

1837.

THE PICTURE.

These lines were suggested by the writer's calling to see a very aged and venerable lady,* whom she found sitting for her picture. New-York, June 4th, 1838.

ERE dissolved the house of clay,
Ere the vision melts away,
Ere descend the tottering walls,
Ere the sacred mantle falls,
Lay the colouring, — mingle there
Mary's love and Martha's care :
Hers an ear for other's wo,
Hers the hand, the heart to do ;
But in serving had she rest,
But in blessing was she bless'd.

THE FIRE-FLY.

THE day has departed, and far in the west,
The sun has gone down in his chambers of rest ;
The earth is enwrapt in her mantle of night,
And the gleam of the fire-fly breaks on the sight.

* Widow of the late Bishop Moore.

How mild, unobtrusive, and transient the ray!
No noise or confusion is heard in their play;
Now backward, now forward, incessant they veer,
As gayly they move in their shining career.

Thou wonder of childhood — mysterious light!
How welcome thy glow, in the darkness of night!
A spark evanescent, — a beam of the sun, —
Or a wandering star when the day-light is done.

Now low on the grass, and now high in the trees,
They part, intermingle, and float on the breeze;
How voiceless the music that guides them along!
'Tis nature's thanksgiving, — 'tis silence of song.

If thus such a poor, insignificant fly,
Can honour the name of the Holy and high,
Oh what does He ask of the souls He has given,
To shine evermore in the kingdom of heaven?

Rhinebeck, July 15, 1833.

THE MEADOW-LARK.

Bright is the sky, and the breezes are blowing;
Earth in the sunshine is joyous and gay:
See from his nest how the meadow-lark rises,—
Hark! as triumphant he carols the lay.

Not in the covert, far, far in the green wood,
And scarce on the bough, of his warbling we hear;
But where the swain at his labour is plying,
Hastes he with music, the moments to cheer.

Down in the field, where the red-blossom'd clover,
At morn and at evening is bent with the dew,—
Lonely his mate, till, as homeward returning,
She hails him:—'Bob Lincoln!'—sweet Bob, is
it you?

Say,—as thy song is a stranger to sorrow,—
Say, does thy bosom ne'er heave with a sigh?
Where dost thou flee when the mower is coming?
Where dost thou hide when the tempest is nigh?

Sure as I hear thee, my heart is misgiving,
That often in silence 'tis thine to endure : —
Sharp is the thorn where the roses are sweetest;
Deep is the spring when its waters are pure.

Oh that like thee, in the way of my duty,
I still may go forward, — nor vainly repine
That others are wiser, or richer, or greater;
Whatever their lot, be contented with mine.

DESPONDENCY.

As pensive, late I wander'd,
Beside the willow shore,
Deep musing on the days gone by,
And friends I met no more, —

With sadness, memory's pages
Were ponder'd o'er again,
Till thus the silent murmur
Re-echo'd back the strain : —

The dreams of youth are over;
There's nothing left but gloom, —

A weight of slow-consuming care,
That sinks me to the tomb.

My heart has lost its feeling,
And like some leaden sea,
Where every breeze may play in vain,
Is fix'd immovably.

As backward, o'er life's journey,
The inquiring glance is thrown, —
How few, of all its vanish'd hours,
A joy unmix'd have known!

And haply, if the book of fate
Was now unclos'd to me,
The mystic leaves would only tell
Of age and penury!

When sudden o'er those waters
The sound of music stole, —
Low whisper'd, from a 'still small voice,'
That reach'd the inmost soul —

'And wherefore thus repining,
Thou child of earth?' it cried, —
Know'st not who, from thy earliest hour,
Has been thy friend and guide?

Has borne thee, as on eagle's wing,
E'en to the present day,
And pour'd upon thy infant thought
The intellectual ray?

'Tis his to choose thy paths for thee;
Would'st thou His power withstand,
Who holds the lightning in His grasp,
The thunder in His hand?

Then hush this vain repining,
Nor let one sigh intrude,—
Requiting still the favours given,
With base ingratitude.'

Abash'd, and meekly bowing,
I strove to kiss the rod,
Confess his dispensations just,
And own the hand of *God.*

TO A SINGING BIRD.

Hush, hush that lay of gladness,
It fills my heart with pain,
But touch some note of sadness,
Some melancholy strain,
That tells of days departed,
Of hopes forever flown;
Some golden dream of other years,
To riper age unknown.

The captive, bow'd in sadness,
Impatient to be free,
Might call that lay of gladness
The voice of liberty; —
Again the joyous carol,
Warm gushing, peals along,
As if thy very latest breath
Would spend itself in song.

Oft as I hear those tones of thine,
Will thoughts like these intrude;
'If once compared, thy lot with mine,
How cold my gratitude.

Though gloom, or sunshine, mark the hours,
Thy bosom, ne'ertheless,
Will pour, as from its inmost fount,
The tide of thankfulness.'

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Cease, cease thy fluttering, hapless thing;
Nor vainly beat thy silken wing,—
A moment stay, no false alarms,
While I survey thy wond'rous charms.

Behold the rainbow's varied dyes,
Or peacock's train of countless eyes,—
Their blended hues have fall'n on thee,
Thou little feather'd brilliancy.

Thy long and slender beak, how true,
To sip at morn the early dew,
Or pass, with epicurean taste,
From flower to flower, with eager haste.

How skilfully thine eyes are set,
So small, they seem like specks of jet;

Thy legs, thy feet, no tongue can tell
How curious, yet how suitable.

Can fields in snowy covering drest,
Compare with this, thy nether vest;
So stainless, pure, so soft and white,
Of all thy charms, most exquisite?

Wherefore dost thou suspend thy breath,*
And mimic all the forms of death? —
There, bright dissembler, thou art free;
Go, seek thy nest in yonder tree.

Perchance, even now, thy little mate
Is trembling, doubtful of thy fate;
And listening with an anxious ear
The buz, — buz of thy wings to hear.

When from its Maker's forming hand,
Up rose this globe of sea and land,
He peopled forest, air, and flood,
And then pronounced them, 'very good.'

* The writer has heard, that there are no less than sixteen different species of the Humming-Bird; she has examined several that were as unlike as possible in point of colour, yet each feigning itself dead when taken.

Thy like were there, thou beauteous thing,
In snowy vest and burnish'd wing; —
Perfection's self, without alloy,
To join the general burst of joy.

FRIENDSHIP.

TO MISS B. OF W.

Who but has seen toward the close of day,
The spider wend his solitary way;
Now quick advance, now pause, as if to rest; —
As hope, or fear, alternate mov'd his breast?
Small courage his, to ply the arduous toil,
Who never once has known the approving smile;
Yet in perspective sees with longing eye,
The corniced ceiling, and the unwary fly.

That goal attain'd within some hall or room,
Despite the unwelcome foot, the horrid broom —
His skill is summon'd, all his powers combine
To spread the lure, and draw the filmy line.

Oh, could the minstrel like this abject thing,
Rise, boldly rise, on fancy's buoyant wing;

Spurn each impediment that bars the way,
And soar, and sing with those of earlier day;
Would all their energies were now her own,
To seize the lyre, and wake its melting tone;
Assume the task, by Anna's wish assign'd,
With fears all scatter'd to the idle wind.

The theme enjoin'd was Friendship, — mystic tie! —
Heart drawn to heart, by kindred sympathy;
Cement of spirits, bond of soul to soul,
Though widely severed as the oceans roll,
Wills that reciprocate, thought echoing thought,
Each selfish end unheeded or forgot.

There is a picture, hold it up to view, —
The very one immortal Goldsmith drew;
But stern of feature, low'ring in the eye;
There lurks suspicion, interest, policy;
The whole a shadow, still pursued in vain, —
A thing of nought, a phantom of the brain.

Year after year the traveller sees display'd,
Pompeii's depths, and Herculaneum's bed;
Where as to life, the marble starts to view,
Where glows the canvass, still to nature true;
(The arts triumphant through those scenes appear,
Graces and passions all embodied here,)

But scarce an outline of that radiant form,
Hand-maid of mercy, angel in the storm.

Does language fail, or has it e'er express'd
How friendship glows within the youthful breast?
That early morn, whose sky is ever bright,
Each distant hill is ting'd with rosy light;
Hope mounts her car, the steeds by fancy driven,
Wild as the Indian sybil's dream of heaven.*
When sudden broke upon her raptur'd eye,
By nature's light, the dim futurity;
Where boundless prairies in unwithering bloom,
Were fann'd by zephyrs laden with perfume;
Where ample forests wav'd their heads on high,
Their lofty heads, which seem to sweep the sky,
With mighty lakes, and streams translucent clear,
Whose murmuring sounds shall charm the hunter's ear,
The ills of time may there distract no more,
Nor foe imprint a footstep on the shore.

High noon is past, the sun declines amain,
And lengthening shadows flit across the plain;—
Seest thou that form, slow-moving, spent with care,
An aged man, a man with hoary hair?

* See note A.

Small trace is left of aught that might betray
The smiling vision of the early day ;
Yet may experience to our aid impart
Some master-key to search the human heart.
My father, tell us, — thou of many years, —
Does friendship sojourn in this vale of tears —
Or fled long since, beyond complaints and sighs,
To seek a refuge in her native skies ?

I fain would answer thus, (the reverend sire,)
And solve the question to thy heart's desire ;
Yet such the task, that solve it as ye will,
The question given, remains a problem still.
Should doubts arise, (and doubt obscures the mind,
The judgement erring, and the reason blind,)
Let charity, with influence all benign,
And truth celestial, on the darkness shine,
Warm every heart, enlighten every eye ;
Disperse the clouds, and cause the mist to fly ;
Then recognis'd that form of heavenly birth,
Is seen in converse, with the sons of earth,
From life's first hour, her presence cheers the gloom,
To that which bears us to the silent tomb.
In days of sadness, days which come to all,
From lowliest cottage to the stately hall ;

When gathering blackness seems to shroud the sky,
And fairest prospects all in ruin lie.
No door of hope, no succour, no redress,
The springs of pleasure turn'd to bitterness;
Who flies to comfort, minister, console,
Dispensing balm, to heal the wounded soul.
If sickness prostrate, whose that noiseless tread,
Those acts of kindness by affliction's bed,
Untold as dew-drops in the morning ray,
Or stars that glimmer in the milky way;
The air, the tone, the well-remember'd form? —
'Tis she, 'tis she, the angel in the storm.

Imperfect still, the semblance incomplete;
'Tis interest prompts, the casuist may repeat;
Well, let it pass, we'll turn the inquiring eye,
To search some record of the years gone by.

Peace to your slumbers, red-men of the west;
Peace to your ashes! sleep and take your rest:
Some future bard for you shall wake the string,
Some tuneful Ossian, yet unborn, shall sing
How Montezuma reign'd in all his pride;
How Xicotencal,* how Tecumseh died,

* Note B.

The chieftain Philip, dispossess'd, exil'd;
Chas'd like the bear, or panther of the wild;
The pallid race enjoy'd his father's land,
His more than brother,* captive in their hand;
Whom still they seek, by stratagem, to prove,
If threats, or bribes, or aught beside can move.

I see him now, as in that hour he stood,
Of dauntless mien, a ranger of the wood.
"He wavers not," his pale accusers say;
"Friends, fellow-soldiers, hasten, lead the way."
"One moment, then," a milder spirit cried,
"A single moment shall his fate decide."
Chief of the Narragansets, lend an ear;
Hear once for all, and ponder as ye hear
That renegade, the heir of Massasouit;
Thou know'st his haunts, disclose his last retreat.
Outlaw'd, deserted, whither has he fled,—
What shadowy forest screens the wanderer's head?
What dark ravine conceals him from the view—
What savage hut to fallen greatness true?
What cavern hides him in its gloom profound?
What deep morasses hem the warrior round?
Speak but the word, to reason's voice incline,
And honour, life, and liberty are thine."

* Note C.

" Are these your terms, or do ye but deride?
I heed them not," th' indignant chief replied.
" Oh bear me hence, ere I have wrought disgrace,
By speech unworthy of my name, or race;
Ere yet this heart, now firm, unknown to fear,
Might cling to life, might seek to linger here
Without regret, without a murmuring sigh;
True to my friends, my country, let me die."

This, this is friendship, ore-refin'd, complete,
The seven-times tried in purifying heat,
Which chance, nor change, nor aught may e'er divide
Till death itself congeals the purple tide.

Thus in some bay, when warring winds arise,
The stately vessel safe at anchor lies;
Though cauldron-like may boil the foaming deep,
And maddening surges o'er the bulwarks sweep;
Her spars unmov'd, her planks are still secure,
The anchor steadfast, and the cable sure.

Or like some oak, that lifts its giant form
Amid the peltings of the angry storm;
Though clouds incessant pour from day to day,
And vivid lightnings through the branches play,

Its strength's increas'd, the boughs more widely
spread,
And roots strike deeper in their native bed.
Or mark when winter desolates the scene,
The pine still cloth'd in everlasting green;
Not as when summer led her joyous train,
The smiling hours, along the enamel'd plain,
The earth emparadis'd in flowers and song;
Then last in beauty of the verdant throng;
But now when felt, when seen the withering power,
Her leaf is brightest in the adverse hour.

Perversion strange! aspiring man is given
To seek below, a bliss reserv'd in heaven;
The unmingled cup, which angels taste alone,
And blessed ones who bow before the throne;
Here prone to error, as the sparks to fly,
On all is written mutability.
Not so above — joy, joy beyond compare;
The pure in heart shall hold communion there.
Earth's fading glories scarce deserve a name,
Her all in all, of pleasure, wealth and fame;
The unclouded vision, seeing eye to eye,
As friendship reigns through all eternity.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

THE ring-dove's note, in eastern climes,
May wing with speed the sultry hours,
And England's boasted nightingale
May charm with song her native bowers; —

Yet there is one, and only one,
Whose note is dearer far to me;
Though his is not the gorgeous plume,
Nor his the voice of harmony.

He shuns the crowded haunts of men,
And hies to forests far away, —
Or seeks some deep, secluded vale,
To pour his solitary lay, —

Or, haply at some cottage door,
At fall of night, when all is still,
The rustic inmates pause to hear
The gentle cry of 'Whip-poor-will.'

How often, in my childish glee,
At evening hour my steps have stray'd,
To seek him in his lone retreat,
Beneath the close embowering shade.

With beating heart and wary tread,
I stretch'd my hand to seize the prey, —
When, quick as thought, the minstrel rose,
Blithe, warbling as he sped away.

He flies the abodes of luxury,
Nor heeds the frown, nor courts the smile,
But nightly seeks the rural scene,
And sings to rest the sons of toil.

Rhinebeck, Nov. 15, 1833.

THE ALBUM.

TO MISS Y. M. L——N OF N. Y.

WILL she, the Muse's well known friend,
Awhile my simple strain attend, —
She who herself inspir'd the lay,
Who banish'd all my fears away,

Then led me on, and bade me stand
Among the poets of the land,*
And gave me to inscribe my name
With theirs upon the scroll of fame?
Spell-bound I stood, — again she spoke,
And with a smile the spell she broke.

Had I a portion of the fire
That streams along Montgomery's lyre,
Or his who held the plough in hand,
The immortal bard of Scotia's land, —
How would my heart delight to raise
Some lasting tribute to her praise!

I've turn'd these pages o'er and o'er,†
And still admire them more and more;
All excellent they stand confess'd, —
But still I like the *Clover* best, —
For hie me wheresoe'r I will,
That little clover haunts me still.
Not Hemans' self, beyond the main,
Nor Sigourney's melodious strain,
Nor Gould, with taste and sense combin'd,
To rouse and captivate the mind,

* Contributors to the Album.
† The pages of the Album.

E'er touch'd my heart with half the power
Of this same little purple flower.
How many a reckless foot will tread
Upon its unassuming head,
Unmindful of the sweets that lie
Conceal'd from every careless eye!
Methought its fate was told too well,
As fast and free the tear-drops fell.
Oh what a rich regale is here,
To please the eye, to charm the ear,
To melt the hard, the coldest move,
And raise the mind to things above.

'Tis thus the bee, delighted, strays
Through all the garden's flowery maze;
Here the delicious nectar sips,
And there the slight proboscis dips,—
Inhaling still the sweet perfume,
As hastening on from bloom to bloom.

'Tis thus, within some shady grove,
That contemplation loves to rove,
Where birds of every note and plume
Have built their nests and fix'd their home;
While every bush and every tree
Is vocal with their minstrelsy,—

Each tuneful warbler of the spray
Chaunting its own peculiar lay.

'Tis thus that when some casket rare,
In which Golconda's treasures are,
Is open'd to the stranger's sight, —
Amazed he stands, — all, all so bright, —
Now smitten by the diamond's rays,
And now the beauteous Emerald's blaze, —
The topaz with its golden hue,
And sapphire of cerulean blue, —
From this to that his mind is toss'd,
Amidst the bright confusion lost.

How beautifully here display'd,
The mingled hues of light and shade! *
Old Nature in her youthful dress,
With looks of love and tenderness.
Say, did the artist lift his eye
Beneath Capri's enchanting sky?
Or on Loch Lomond's margin stand,
To shadow forth the mountain land?
Or on the Kaatskill's topmost height,
With all the Hudson full in sight,

* The landscapes in the Album.

Watching at morn the sun's first ray,
Or evening's splendours fade away?
Oh what a lovely sight to see,
From Claremont* down to Ellerslie,†
That mighty stream, broad, deep and clear,
Still rolling on from year to year, —
Type of life's current, as it glides
To mingle with the ocean tides.

Lo yonder fleet, whose crowded sail
Spread the white bosom to the gale,
As onward through the dashing spray,
By commerce urged, they win their way!
Again behold! — all vanish'd now, —
The mast, the keel, the stately prow, —
Not one is there, nor trace, nor stain
Is left upon the liquid plain.

So pass the sons of earth away, —
A moment seen, — then where are they? —
Aye, where are they? — how brief a space,
And we shall see them face to face, —
Among departed shades shall stand,
And hail them in the spirit's land.

* Seat of the late Chancellor Livingston.
† Seat of James Thompson, Esq.

In youthful prime, how blest are they
Who walk in wisdom's narrow way,—
Whose heart is fix'd,— whose trust for aid
Is on the great Redeemer laid!
The Christian graces there we see,
With faith, and hope, and charity,—
While showers of blessing aye distil,
Like early dew on Zion's hill.

Should joyous light their pathway bless,
They see the sun of righteousness,—
Or darksome clouds their sky deform,
They know their covert in the storm:
Whate'er betide, their trust is sure,—
The 'Rock of Ages' must endure;—
Still on his arm they cast their care,
Who guides them down to hoary hair,
Till on th' extremest verge they stand,
Awaiting but their Lord's command
To quit the scene of mortal strife,
And calmly enter into life.

Rhinebeck, Sept. 1835.

NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

The following reflections were suggested to the writer, on seeing a little marble representation of the tomb of Napoleon Buonaparte, with this inscription:

Isle Sainte Hélène, le 5 Mai, 1821.

In St. Helena's lonely isle,
Begirt by ocean's wave,
The warrior-monarch laid him down,
To slumber in his grave.

But ere the icy hand of death
Had closed that restless eye,
Ambition call'd her numerous sons
To see their brother die:

Yet not from legislative halls,
Or tented fields alone,
Nor where the classic student roves,
To mark some sculptured stone:

But they who 'mong the yellow sheaves
Of autumn gayly sing,

And they beneath whose ponderous axe
The mountain echoes ring:

And they who delve the darksome mine,
Or sail the stormy sea,
Far scatter'd by the winds of heaven,—
That wide fraternity:

Behold them all assembled now,
And round the hero press'd!
Ambition, standing in the midst,
Her favourite thus address'd:—

"What though thy beams, at noontide hour,
Are quench'd in darkest night?
Thy fame shall shine a polar star,—
Thy deeds a beacon light.

Alone among the sons of men,
A wonder of the age,—
The glory of thy bright career
Shall swell th' historic page."

Full well he knew the syren's voice,
Oft heard, in former hours,
In Malmaison's sequester'd shades,
Compiegne's enchanting bowers.

But now those once bewildering tones
Have lost their magic power, —
Nor can the memory of the past
Illume that fearful hour.

In vain St. Bernard's towering steep
Is brought before his eyes, —
In vain the Egyptian pyramids
In silent grandeur rise.

Nor charms Marengo's battle-field
With all its proud array, —
The martial pomp and chivalry
Of that victorious day.

Where, round him far as eye could reach,
Roll'd on a living sea,
Dependent on his word alone
To guide its destiny.

What shouts are those that rend the air,
Amid the cannon's distant roar?
The conqueror, deck'd in royal robes,
Is hail'd l'Empereur!

Away, away, earth's pageantry!
Her brightest gems are dim,

And glittering wealth, and power, and fame,
How worthless now to him!

What did this universe contain
That he might not enjoy?
Yet, in contentment, far behind
The humblest shepherd boy.

Though fortune, in capricious hour,
Unlock'd her boundless store,
Yet, with the Macedonian chief,
He could have wept for more.

Now listen, all ambition's sons, —
'Tis reason's voice that cries:
A captive on a lonely rock,
The mighty conqueror dies.

As to the gray-haired mariner
Saint Helen's isle appears,
How will he tell the mournful tale
Among his own compeers!

And, sighing, view the height o'er height
Of rocks stupendous pil'd,
As if to form a monument
Above ambition's child.

Thou source of pure, unbounded love!
Bestow this gift on me:
A calm contentment with my lot,
Whate'er that lot may be.

Rhinebeck, Aug. 10, 1833.

MRS. HANNAH MOORE.

On seeing the death of this most excellent lady in the newspapers of the day.

Friend of my youth! — and hast thou fled?
And art thou number'd with the dead?
Has the grim monster laid thee low,
As round him dealing blow on blow?
Ah! rather say, a Father's love
Has call'd her to his house above: —
Ah! rather say an angel-band
Has borne her to a blessed land,
The welcome plaudit there to win,
Of 'good and faithful,' enter in.

Her valued life has pass'd away,
Like one long, useful, summer's day;

And though her sun on earth has set,
The cloudless skies are glowing yet, —
Sure promise of its bright return, —
Precursor of a glorious morn.

From childhood's hour to riper age
I've read her truth-illumin'd page, —
Have wept o'er *Yamba's* sorrows free,
And por'd o'er *Sensibility*, —
Have learnt the *Poacher's* tale by heart —
To mimic *Tawney Rachel's* part;
Dear, thoughtless days, — forever flown!
Gone like a dreamy vision, gone.

While time endures, the *Shepherd's* fame
Must still perpetuate her name,
And *Parley's* simple tale appear
To warn the soul of danger near, —
The *Farmers*, many a winter's night,
Be read with ever new delight;
Nor *Brown* and *Stock*, nor *Dan* and *Jane*,
Nor *Patient Joe*, be heard in vain.
Here vice in native garb is seen, —
There virtue, of celestial mien;
Precept on precept wisely given,
To point the inquiring mind to heaven.

CHRISTMAS.

Let us chaunt the solemn lay,—
Let us celebrate the day,—
Hail, with joy, the auspicious morn
When the Son of Man was born.

Eastern sages, journeying far,
Saw ye not that beauteous star
Shed its brightest, purest ray,
Where the King of Glory lay?

Shepherds on Judea's plain,
Heard ye not the blissful strain,
When the messengers of light
Broke the silence of the night?

Babe of Beth'lem, lowly laid!
Angels hover round thy bed,
Pausing o'er the tuneful lyre,
As they wonder and admire.

Hope of Israel! welcome thou —
Every tribe to thee shall bow;
Every tongue thy right proclaim;
Every land adore thy name.

Prince of Peace! thy reign shall be
Wide as earth from sea to sea;
Where is now nor love nor fear,
There thy glorious standard rear.

Where the western wilds have lain,
Ages bound in error's chain,
There, thy saving power they prove, —
There, they chaunt redeeming love.

Ethiopia's vale is riven:
Lo, she lifts her hands to heaven!
See her raise the imploring eye!
Hear her sable offspring cry: —

"Pour, oh pour the matchless strain,
Sounded once on Judah's plain!
Sweetest song since time began:
'Peace on earth, — good will to man!'"

GOOD-FRIDAY.

The scene is fresh before us,
When Jesus drain'd the cup,
As new the day comes o'er us,
When He was offer'd up: —
The veil in sunder rending,
The types and shadows flee,
While heaven and earth are bending
Their gaze on Calvary.

Should mortal dare in numbers,
Where angels, trembling, stand?
Or wake the harp that slumbers
In flaming seraph's hand?

Then tell the wond'rous story
Where rolls salvation's wave,
And give him all the glory,
Who came the lost to save.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.*

In Gallia's sunny fields,
Where blooms the eglantine,
And where luxuriant clusters bend
The fruitful vine, —

The youth to manhood rose;
('Tis fancy tells the tale;)
His step was swift as mountain deer
That skims the vale.

And his the eagle glance
Which told perception keen,
'Of will to do and soul to dare,'
Deep fix'd within.

Perchance a mother's love,
A father's tender care,

* The grave here spoken of was pointed out to the wr
the final resting-place of a French officer: — a single mound,
out a stone to mark the spot, in Rutland county, Vt.

With every kindly household bond,
Were his to share.

Perchance the darling one,
The best belov'd was he,
Of all that gather'd round the hearth
From infancy.

How fair life's morn to him! —
The world was blithe and gay, —
Hope, beckoning with an angel's smile,
Led on the way.

He left his native plain;
He bade his home farewell, —
And she, the idol of his heart,
The fair Adele.

Though sad the parting hour,
What ardour fix'd his breast,
To view the streams, to tread the soil,
Far in the west!

From where the Huron's wave
First greets the ruddy light,
To where Superior, in its glow,
Lies calm and bright, —

Where rose the forest deep,
  Where stretch'd the giant shore,
From Del-Fuego's utmost bound
  To Labrador.

How many a gallant ship
  Since then has cross'd the sea,
Deep freighted from the western world!—
  But where is he?

Oh ne'er beside that hearth
  The unbroken ring shall meet,
To tell th' advent'rous tale, or join
  In converse sweet!

For in that stranger-land
  His lonely grave is seen,
Where northern mountains lift their heads
  In fadeless green.

1835.

THOUGHTS

ON PARTING WITH A FRIEND.

With what indifference did I hear
That name, when first it met my ear!
'Twas like the idly passing breeze,
That whispers through the leafless trees, —
Or like th' impression on the shore —
A moment seen, then seen no more.
But time pass'd on, and now that name
Is welcome as the breath of fame,
Or as the earliest flowers of spring,
Or voice of music on the wing;
So welcome and so dear to me
From hence that name shall ever be.

1832.

TEMPERANCE ODE.

Ages now have rolled on ages,
Since within that lonely vale,
Desolation all around him,
Stood the seer of Israel,
Wrapt in vision, —
Led by power unsearchable.

Onward moving, Heaven-directed,
Whereso'er he turns his eye;
Still on either hand they greet him —
Wrecks of frail humanity; —
Hosts unnumber'd,
Void of life around him lie.

Thus a drear unsightly ruin,
Darkly shrouded reason's ray, —
Self-abandon'd, sunk, degraded, —
Once the poor inebriate lay,
Lost to feeling;
Rul'd by habit's iron sway.

Heard ye not that wail of sorrow,
Bursting from the tortur'd breast? —
Is it daughter, wife, or mother,
Thus to earth by anguish press'd? —
Hope extinguish'd, —
God alone can tell the rest.

He who sits enthron'd forever,
Heard that cry, nor heard in vain;
Bending o'er that silent valley,
Mercy weeps above the slain.
Oh, what pleading!
Tenderest pity mov'd the strain.

Hark! a rush! a sudden trembling,
Like the whirlwind in its sweep; —
Lo! they stand a mighty army,
Line on line, in phalanx deep!
Slumbering nations,
Rousing from their fatal sleep.

Here with firm resolve we meet you,
Hand and heart, and soul to join,
While to urge the glorious conquest,
All our energies combine; —

Friend of sinners,
Aid us by thy grace divine.

1835.

A TOWN IN DUTCHESS COUNTY.

My first is a river,* long famous in story;
It flows where the French and the Germans unite;
'Twas ceded to France in the days of her glory;
Though now it is German, by title and right.

My second is part of a name,† that has yielded
The incense of worth, where his ashes repose,
Who entered the wilderness, planted, and builded;
And made it to blossom and bud as the rose.

My whole, is a spot on the face of creation,
Where industry banishes want from the door;
Where the axe, and the plough, and the mill-wheel in motion,
Bring fulness of bread to the poorest of poor.

1834.

* Rhine. † Beekman.

TO THE MOON.

Oh how I love to see thee shine,
Thou witness of the power divine;
I love thee when at fall of even,
Thy silver bow appears in heaven;
Thy bright companion near thy side,
All sparkling like some princely bride;
I love thee when thy full broad light
Is seen to climb the eastern height,
Casting its mellow radiance free
On lowly shed, or lofty tree.
I love thee in thy midnight reign,
When lighting up the ethereal plain;
When scarce a star arrests the view
Through all the deep unclouded blue.
And still how lovely dost thou seem,
When fading in the morning beam,
As orb on orb exert their power
To cheer thee in thy waning hour.
How pleas'd the sea-boy hails thy light,
As toiling through the stormy night,—
Weary and wet with ocean spray,
When parting clouds reveal thy ray.

Vainly the muse essays to sing —
Still earthward droops her feeble wing.
But where are those whose happier flight,
Could fearless mount the azure height; —
Could soar among the golden choirs,
And kindle mid celestial fires?

Behold the muse's favourite son,
The wise, the polish'd Addison;
In glowing line, 'twas his to paint
The shining orbs, the firmament,
And rouse the contemplative soul,
"To hear their music, as they roll."

1833.

MOTHER'S LAMENT.*

FAIR fleeting vision, swiftly flown;
No more canst thou my mind employ;
With thee my fondest hopes are gone,
And wither'd every opening joy.

* Written in family affliction.

Oft did I view thy infant charms
In fancy's mirror beaming bright,
And long'd to clasp thee in my arms,
With all a mother's fond delight.

But now thy form, in quiet sleep,
Lies buried in the silent tomb,
Regardless of the eyes that weep,
Or hearts that mourn thine early doom.

Yet when the last loud trump's command,
Shall cause thy slumbering dust to rise,
Among the living thou shall stand,
To claim thy seat in paradise.

REFLECTIONS.

"For I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living." — Job, 30 ch., 23d verse.

How soon these limbs shall rest beneath the soil,
And summer suns no more for me shall smile;
The moon no more for me shall give her light,
Nor twinkling stars adorn the brow of night;

No more shall spring for me the buds unfold,
Nor autumn wave her fields of ripening gold;
But winter-winds around shall wildly rave,
And chant their requiem o'er my silent grave.

But where shall rest the never-dying flame,
The living soul that from the Almighty came?
See on life's verge the trembling spirit stand,
That longs, yet fears to try the unknown land.
A moment pauses, ere she plumes her wings
To seek the presence of the King of kings.
If in that hour, a heaven-born peace shall bless,
And thou be cloth'd in 'Jesus' righteousness;'
Strong in His strength who bore the cross for thee,
Strong in His strength, who won the victory;
Nor doubt, nor fear, shall then disturb thy breast,
But thou shalt rise to everlasting rest.

Rhinebeck, June, 1834.

THE ETHIOPIAN LILY.

Where Niger's waves are rolling bright,
O'er Afric's burning sand;
And where the reedy Nile o'erflows,
These blooming flowers expand.

A single leaf of purest white,
Is first disclos'd to view;
Then rising from its fragrant cell,
A heart of golden hue.

How gay beneath our northern sun,
Is rear'd its graceful head,
Nor seems to ask the fervid rays
In Ethiopia shed.

If haply near Tentyra's walls
Some traveller chance to stray,
Thy dark-green leaves, and milk-white crown,
Might cheer his lonely way.

Thus has the Great Creator's care
Bestow'd on every land,
Some special boon, some mark of love,
That speaks a Father's hand.

His bounty fills the earth with food,
And gives the sun to shine;
Then mourner, dry those bitter tears;
He cares for thee and thine.

1834.

163318

EUGENIUS.*

As burns some flickering taper in its socket,
Now just extinct, and now a transient glare,
Eugenius lay: the hand of death was on him,
Though reason's light undimm'd was shining clear.
There o'er his pillow hung pale memory,
With conscience by her side, as judge and jury;
Leagu'd to accuse, and to condemn.
While ever and anon his lips disclose
Thoughts big with deep regret; life sinks apace;
And soon the impenetrable veil is cast o'er all: —
Would in that hour, that mercy's door was yet
Unbarr'd to him.
In truth he was a servant, to whom his Lord
Had given the whole ten talents, — ease,
Affluence, friends, with intellectual powers,
That grasp'd at all; all, but infinity.
His early youth had rang'd the fields of science,
Had cull'd the flowers of rhetoric; and fame
Had placed upon his brow the unfading laurel.

* The death-bed of an orator.

How had the listening crowd in rapture hung,
To catch the music of that voice, that stirring
Eloquence that reach'd the soul, and seem'd
Now the strong tempest on the ocean's breast;
Now the low breathings of a distant lute.
He knew with ease to climb untrodden heights,
Nor cower'd his wing, where others fear'd to soar.

His eager mind (perchance) had sought for human
Praise, — too eager sought, — till it became the mind's
Aliment, the all-absorbing centre of his good.
Thus, when the sultry day is past, beside his door
Some Carolinian sits, his temples bar'd,
To meet the evening breeze, the fragrant
Breeze of his own sunny clime, whose
Every breath is prodigal of incense.

How did that mind capacious, still admire
This universe with all its harmony!
The veiney leaf that trembles on the bough,
The dew-drops sparkling in the solar ray;
The stars that burn in yon blue canopy,
Proclaim'd to him, with voice as audible
Their Maker's praise, as those who stand
Before His throne, hymning their hallelujahs.

1834.

SPRING.

Once more I hail thee, beauteous spring!
Once more thy welcome voice I hear,
As swift, receding o'er the plain,
The storms of winter disappear.

I know thee by thy balmy breath;
I know thee by these gentle showers;
I know thee by the tuneful notes
That break from yonder leafy bowers.

I know thee by the wreaths of bloom,
Profusely hung on every tree;
I know thee by thy mantle green,
With all its rich embroidery.

I know thee by the streams unbound,
That gayly rush from steep to steep,
As onward still they urge their course
To mingle with the mighty deep.

So time pursues his rapid flight;
Nor stops to rest where'er we be;
But hastens on and on to join
The ocean of eternity.

Rhinebeck, May, 1834.

STANZAS.

The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God. —
Psalm xiv., verse 1.

And dwells such thought within thy breast?
Infatuated one!
Then whence art thou, and whence is all
We see below the sun?

Who spake this universe from naught, —
Appointed day and night, —
Or spread yon glorious canopy,
With all those orbs of light?

But chiefest man — of all his works
The noblest and the best;
His image — His th' undying flame,
Enkindled in the breast.

The changing seasons, by His word,
In beauteous order roll, —
And, though unseen, that guiding hand
Conducts the wond'rous whole.

And those who doubt, may surely trace
The great Creator's power, —
Attested by the unfolding leaf,
By every opening flower.

It flashes in the lightning's gleam, —
It shakes the sounding woods, —
And lifts an awful voice on high,
Above the water-floods.

Or scan, by faith's discerning eye,
The records of his grace : —
'Tis God with man, as friend with friend,
Conversing face to face.

THE CHAPLET.

TO MISS M. M. T.* OF B——N.

E garden is near, and I'll hasten to bring
haplet from thence of the flowers of the spring,—
e sweetest and fairest that ever may be,
bind on thy brow, as an emblem of thee.

ıoss-rose, half-open'd, all moist with the dew,
l lilies just hid in their leaves from the view,—
h heart's-ease in gold and in purple array'd,
modestly seeming to covet the shade.

w sweet to the sense, and how fair to the sight!
ıy bud and they bloom but to yield us delight;
ıh breathing an odour as purely its own,
if in the wide world it flourish'd alone.

short-lived their glory,—an hour or a day,
fragrance and beauty will vanish away;

* A young lady of tender age.

Yet lessons of wisdom are taught us by flowers,
Distill'd as the dew, — falling soft as the showers.

They tell us that youth, like the season of spring,
Will soon disappear, — and of time on the wing
Exciting to diligence, prompting to move.
Seize! — seize on the hours, and the moments improve.

How bless'd is thy lot, — if a blessing it be, —
That fortune has lavish'd her bounties on thee!
And friends, — what a number! all ardent, sincere, —
With hand join'd in hand for thy happiness here.

Were wishes availing my suit to obtain,
The virtues and graces should walk in thy train;
Thy head stored with knowledge, thy heart be the se
Where all that was loving and lovely should meet; —

But chief that thy hopes should be treasur'd on high,
Since all which is earth-born must wither and die;
And richly to thee may His favour be given,
Who open'd a way to the kingdom of heaven.

1836.

THE GEM.*

To aid the youthful voyager,
The troubled waves of life to stem,
His great Creator kindly gave
The star of hope, — a radiant gem.
And when his fondest schemes are wreck'd,
By stern misfortune rudely driven,
Still shines that star, with trembling rays,
To light the wand'rer on to Heaven.

The toil-worn Pilgrim's heart to cheer,
And raise from earth his sorrowing eyes,
The Blessed One a boon has given, —
A pledge of rest beyond the skies :
(And poor to this the Indian mines, —
But dross the monarch's diadem ;
A look, a glance outweighs the whole, —)
The word of life — that precious gem !

When perfect from its Maker's hand
The first of human fabrics lay,

* Written for a small newspaper of that name.

Devoid of motion, sense, or sound,
To animate the beauteous clay, —
Methinks a moment's pause ensued,
Replete with purpos'd good to them,
Ere yet infus'd the living soul, —
The spark divine, — transcendent gem.

1836.

TO WINNIFRED.

May every good thy steps attend,
My child, my sister, and my friend; —
Here on the earth may'st thou be bless'd,
And lastly find eternal rest.

Would my experience nought avail,
But just to tell that hope may fail,
I would not cloud thy youthful mind,
But choose to leave thee deaf and blind.

If aught should tempt thy feet to stray, —
To wander from the narrow way, —
His voice behind thee may'st thou hear, —
The voice that warns of danger near.

Then speed thee on thy Christian race,
And God shall grant thee grace for grace,
Until thy stature perfect be,
Through Him, — the glorious one in three.

TO HARRIET.

I LOVE to wander through the glade,
To pluck the wild-rose blooming there,
Or in the depth of forest shade,
To mark the violet opening fair.

I love the sweet geranium's smell,
Its scollop'd leaves and crimson flower;
Of days long past it seems to tell,
And memory owns its magic power.

But lovelier, sweeter far the maid
Whose breast with feeling glows, and truth,
Whose hopes on heaven are early stay'd,
To guide and guard her wayward youth.

1831.

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1831.

TO CONSTANCE.

THERE's blight on earthly joys, my love;
  There's blight on earthly joys;
Alas for him whose heart is wed
  To her fantastic toys!

The fairest flowers will soonest fade,—
  Will soonest fade and die;
But 'tis not thus in yonder world,—
  That world above the sky.

The sun is shining clear, my love,—
  The sun is shining clear;
No cloud is seen to cross his path,
  Or dim his bright career.

Yet long before his morning beams
  Have reach'd their mid-day power,
The mists may gather on the hill;
  The storm portentous low'r.

See nature's face! how fair, my love, —
  See nature's face, — how fair!
The feather'd tribes are on the wing,
  And music fills the air.

The trees are clad in liveliest green;
  The breezes gently blow;
But soon, too soon, the wintry blast
  Will lay their honours low.

The tuneful warbler quits the spray
  Where late she lov'd to sing,
And hies afar, in distant climes,
  To seek perennial spring.

There's change on all below, my love, —
  There's change on all below;
Time speeds us on toward the tomb, —
  Speeds on through weal and wo.

1831.

THE PILGRIMS.

TO A LADY.

We met as pilgrims meet,
Who are bound to a distant shrine,
Who spend the hours in converse sweet
From noon to the day's decline;
Soul mingling with soul, as they tell of their fears,
And their hopes, as they pass through the valley of tears.

And still they commune with delight,
Of pleasures or toils by the way,
The winds of the desert that chill them by night,
Or heat that oppresses by day:
For one to the faithful is ever at hand,
As the shade of a rock in a weary land.

We met as soldiers meet,
Ere yet the fight is won;
Ere joyful at their captain's feet
Is laid their armour down:

Each strengthens his fellow to do and to bear,
In hope of the crown which the victors wear.

Though daily the strife they renew,
And their foe has his thousands o'ercome,
Yet the promise unfailing is ever in view
Of safety, protection, and home;
Where they knew that their sovereign such favour
conferr'd,
"As eye hath not seen, as the ear hath not heard."

We met as seamen meet,
On ocean's watery plain,
Where billows rise and tempests beat,
Ere the destin'd port they gain:
But tempests they baffle, and billows they brave,
Assur'd that their pilot is mighty to save.

They dwell on the scenes which have past,
Of perils they still may endure;
The haven of rest, where they anchor at last,
Where bliss is complete and secure; —
Till its towers and spires arise from afar,
(To the eye of faith) as some radiant star.

We met as brethren meet,
Who are cast on a foreign strand,

Whose hearts are cheer'd as they hasten to greet,
And commune of their native land,—
Of their father's house in that world above,
Of His tender care, and His boundless love.

The city so fair to behold,
The redeem'd in their vestments of white:
In those mansions of rest, where pleasures untold,
They finally hope to unite;
Where ceaseless ascriptions of praise shall ascend
To God and the Lamb in a world without end.

1835.

WHAT IS POETRY?

A LAMBENT flame within the breast;
A thought harmoniously express'd;
A distant meteor's glimmering ray;
A light that often leads astray;
A harp, whose ever-varying tone
Might waken to the breeze's moan;
A lake, in whose transparent face
Fair nature's lovely form we trace;

A blooming flower, in gardens rare,
Yet found in deserts bleak and bare;
A charm o'er every object thrown;
A bright creation of its own;
A burst of feeling, warm and wild,
From nature's own impassion'd child.

HYMN.

FROM THE PSALMS.

Bless ye the Lord! — ye people, bless
His name, who rules in righteousness,
From lands which hail the day's return,
To where its setting glories burn: —

Who showers His mercy o'er the plain,
The early and the latter rain;
The flocks and herds by Him are fed;
His hand supplies our daily bread.

How vain our toil, our watchings are!
His own belov'd are still His care;
And food and rest to these are given,
With brightening views of Christ and heaven.

MEMORIAL

TO AN AFFECTIONATE AUNT,

On the death of a beautiful little girl, eight years old.

Cut down in early freshness,
As grass before the mower's toil,
When all its grace and beauty
Lies prostrate on its native soil.

Our hearts were twining round thee,
Belov'd and precious one, —
With hopes for many a future year,
Of joy beneath the sun.

Thy life pass'd on in gladness,
Like some unruffled stream
That wanders through the flow'ry mead,
Or some enchanting dream.

Words ne'er may tell our anguish, —
(Heart-stricken and dismay'd, —)

When first in earth's cold bosom
Thy lovely form was laid.

But time has brought its healing,
And now, at evening hour,
Or in our lonely musings,
We feel its soothing power.

And could that well-known voice again
But reach our mortal ear,
Its gentle pleadings would be heard:
'Prepare to meet me here.'

Rhinebeck, 1834.

THE EXILE.

Supposed to be addressed by a Polish lady to the picture of her son.

Yes, thou art here, — thy shade I see;
'Tis all that now remains of thee,
Thou self-devoted one!
Yet shall the living image rest,
Enshrin'd within thy mother's breast,
Till life's last sands are run.

Now banish'd far from friends and home,
A stranger through the world to roam,
Neglected and forgot: —
Perhaps in toil from day to day,
To wear thy golden years away,
And mourn thy wretched lot. —

Or haply thou dost wander wide,
Where Mississippi's waters glide,
Through boundless solitude;
Or where the Hudson, from its source,
Due southward bends its mighty course
To meet th' Atlantic flood; —

Or where the dark Tungooska flows,
An exile o'er Siberian snows,
Dost sit thee down and sigh —
Or where the Altaian mountains cast
Their shadows o'er the dreary waste,
Dost close thy languid eye.

Where'er thou art, whate'er thy fate,
May I but meet thee, soon or late,
When all these woes are past; —
For this my constant prayers ascend,
That God himself would be thy friend —
Would grant thee peace at last.

And for our injur'd country's wrongs, —
The theme of earth's ten thousand tongues, —
I evermore shall pray,
That yet a beam of heavenly light
May pierce the darkness of her night,
And usher in the day.

1835.

ODE,

WRITTEN FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1834.

STAR of the west, whose radiant beams
Have thrown their light o'er many a land!
What cloud obscures thy brightness now?
Why all dismay'd thy votaries stand?

Thy praise was borne on every gale, —
In every clime was heard thy fame;
By all the good, and all the wise,
How lov'd, and how rever'd thy name!

Now murm'rings from the north are heard,
As of a tempest brooding there;

While many a flash from southern skies
The swift approaching storm declare.

None, none but He, 'the strong to save,'
Can shield us from impending ill;
That all-commanding voice, that bade
The jarring elements 'be still.'

THE BRIDE'S WELCOME.*

TO MRS. J. C. T——N, ON HER MARRIAGE.

SHALL aught on this morning of gladness be wanting,
Of warm gratulation, to welcome the bride—
To the hills and the vales which she lov'd in her childhood,
Where the waves of the Hudson deep roll in their pride?

She comes like the sunshine, the shadows dispersing
That gather'd around in the season of gloom;
The plants that fresh springing, await but her culture,
To cause them in beauty and fragrance to bloom.

* The bridal party, shortly after their marriage, left the city of N. Y., where it took place, and came up the river to Mr. L——'s seat, where these lines were found on the lady's dressing table.

at heart-felt emotions are upward ascending,
seeching the Father of mercies to guide,
bless and protect, and to smile on the union,
l crown with his favour the bridegroom and bride.

MUSIC.

I've heard the solemn organ's peal
Through vaulted roofs resound,
As many a tuneful voice arose
To mingle with its sound.

I've seen the floating bark at eve,
With streamers gay appear,
Where every instrument combin'd
To charm the list'ning ear.

And nearer as that bark approach'd,
More loud the concert's swell;
Then faint and fainter on the breeze
The dying cadence fell.

I've heard the moan of autumn winds,
While fancy, near at hand,

Has whisper'd soft that harps were swept
By some ærial band.

But these are poor, discordant sounds,
To those the saint shall hear
O'er death's cold stream, when that full band
Shall burst upon his ear.

If yet among that countless throng
My soul shall find a place,
Be this its theme, while ages roll:
A sinner sav'd by grace!

1834.

REQUIEM.*

She is gone to her rest —
In the green earth's breast
Is peacefully, quietly laid —
Where the turmoil of life,
The vexation and strife
Can never, no never, invade.

* On a most interesting young lady who died in the nineteenth year of her age, October 17th, 1828.

That soul-beaming smile,
Or the heart without guile,
Can memory ever forget?
Like the rose lately blown,
Though its beauty is gone,
The fragrance is lingering yet.

Away from earth's bowers,
Its streams and its flowers,
She walked through the valley of gloom—
Yet fearless of harm,
She reposed on the arm
That triumph'd o'er death and the tomb.

With heart-rending sighs,
And tear-streaming eyes,
Affection had warded the blow;—
But all was in vain,
Hope dawn'd not again,
Till she the beloved one was low.

Away from earth's bowers,
Its streams and its flowers,
Secure in the mansions above,
She joins in the song
With the numberless throng,
Whose theme is Emanuel's love.

ELIJAH.

And the word of the Lord came unto him saying, get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith that is before Jordan. And it shall be, that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there: 17th chap. 1st Kings, 2nd, 3rd, 4th verses.

THE prophet heard that sacred voice,
Whose whispers reach'd his inmost soul;
He heard with holy ardour fill'd,
And bow'd him to his Lord's control.

"Elijah," said the Holy One,
"Go, get thee from the haunts of men;
"And hide thee midst the tangled wilds
"That cover Cherith's lonely glen.

"There shalt thou drink the running brook,
"(Ere reach'd the Jordan's silver tide,)
"And lo, I send the fowls of heaven
"To see thy wants are all supplied."

And there he dwelt beside the stream
To wait his Master's high command;
Nor fail'd his meals at morn or eve,
Though famine wasted all the land.

TO HOPE.

What have I to do with thee?
Get thee hence, thou recreant — flee;
Know'st thou not thy reign is o'er?
Sure thy charms shall charm no more.
Haste thee where the downy cheek,
Still is eloquent to speak;
Where the youthful glance appears
Sparkling bright, undimm'd by tears,
Where the green-sward lifts its head
From the lightly-bounding tread.

There to raptur'd ears unfold
Tales, the sweetest ever told:
Tell of pleasures, — joys to come, —
Fabricks wove in fancy's loom.
Not the meteor's fitful gleam;
Not the bubble on the stream

Not the rose's fragrant sigh;
Not the arrow through the sky;
Not the light of winter's day,
Surer, swifter, fly away.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

THE signal is past, and the arrow has flown,
The days are all number'd, the moments are gone;
And soon in the east will the morning appear,
As thousands rejoice in the birth of the year.

At midnight, at midnight the circle was run,
And time hurry'd by as he ever has done;
Yet vainly we listen'd, so lightly he sped,
For the rush of his wings, or the sound of his tread.

The sages and poets united declare,
That saving his forelock, his temples are bare;
With a sithe on his arm, and a glass in his hand,
He stays not, he stops not, by sea or by land.

There's a wail, there's a cry through the merchant's Isle,*
With the red, red glare of a smouldering pile;
Destruction triumphant still waving her wand,
With wreck and with ruin on every hand.

How many a hope at the set of the sun,
All cloudless and bright as the race he had run,
Came not with his rising, but melted in air,
Or sunk overwhelm'd in the depths of despair.

The household late joyous, is cover'd with gloom;
Its staff and its stay have gone down to the tomb;
The form of the lov'd one has vanish'd from earth,
Now silent the banquet, now lonely the hearth.

The voice of the minstrel, the tones of his lay,
Are mournful and sad on this festival day,
When songs of thanksgiving to Him should ascend,
Whose gifts are receiv'd without measure or end.

The drops of the morning, the sands on the shore
Might fail us in numbers to reckon them o'er;
Exhaustless, unbounded, his goodness we prove
A fountain of light, and an ocean of love.

* The great conflagration of the 16th of December, 1835.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

"YOUNG soldier, whither goest thou?
I go to fight for justice, for the holy cause of the people,
For the sacred rights of the human race.
A blessing be upon thine arms, young soldier!"
Words of a believer.

WHITHER goest thou, youthful soldier,
With that bearing proud and high?
Does the hope of future conquest
Flush thy cheek and fire thine eye?

Yes, I go, my country calls me,
In His strength, who rules above;
Go to shield her sacred altars,
Go to save the land I love.

Where the storm is wildly beating,
In her cause my breast I'll bare. —
Blessings on thee, youthful soldier,
Be thou heaven's peculiar care.

Whither goest thou, youthful soldier,
With that broad-sword gleaming bright? —
In the holy cause of justice,
I have arm'd me for the fight.

Where beneath a yoke of bondage,
Men are spent with toil and grief;
Every ray of hope extinguish'd —
There I haste to bring relief.

Where the prisoner groans in anguish,
By the tyrant's chain oppress'd.
Heaven befriend thee, youthful soldier, —
Nerve thine arm, and shield thy breast.

Youthful soldier, whither go'st thou,
With that dauntless brow of thine?
Say, should fortune frown upon thee,
Would not then thy soul repine?

I have counted well the dangers
Lurking round the soldier's way;
Death, or bonds, or lonely exile,
Still must form the sad array.

I have left my home and kindred, —
All that promis'd earthly bliss;

Bursting every tie asunder;
What is death compar'd to this?

Not an object here shall charm me,
Till I hail my country free.—
Heaven protect thee, youthful soldier,—
Crown thine arms with victory.

Whither goest thou, youthful soldier,
On that fleet and warlike steed?—
Where the trumpet calls to battle,
Thitherward my course I speed.

Where o'er many a fertile region,
Despots hold their iron sway,
On the meed of honest labour,
Seizing as their lawful prey:

Where for bread the voice of childhood
Long has pain'd the mother's ear,
While disease and wasting famine
Rest on all her heart holds dear:

Where the poor, despoil'd forever,
Claim the rights their Maker gave;
See the arm of vengeance lifted,
Hear the watchword,—on ye brave.

Soldier, speed thy glorious mission;
Pause thou not, till wars shall cease;
Haste from conquering on to conquest,
Till restor'd the reign of peace.

HOME.

Why does the mind wher'er we roam,
Cling to the spot, our earliest home?
The hearth, the board, the social glee,
Are fondly kept in memory.

The little group, so thoughtless, gay;
The pastimes at the close of day,
By grief untouch'd, unknown to sorrow,
No sad forebodings of to-morrow.

The mild rebuke in kindness given;
The lips that taught the way to heaven;
The watchful eye, the anxious care,
The love unfeign'd, — all, all were there.

But shift the scene — a rush of years
Has borne us on through hopes and fears;
And yet again, nay, do not start,
The hand of death, the bleeding heart.

And when the latest pang is o'er,
When hearts that felt, can feel no more,
How blest, supremely blest, who prove
That portion fair, the home above.

SUMMER.

WRITTEN FOR THE BAZAAR.*

See o'er the hills advancing
Like youth in morning prime,
In verdant robes adorn'd with flowers,
We hail the summer time.
Her voice is as the voice of song, —
A Hymn at opening day;
The echo of a thousand lyres,
As evening fades away.

* A newspaper prepared in the family for the amusement of children.

The tall acacias waving
Their feathery plumes on high ;
The maple and the mountain-ash,
How lovely to the eye.
The cedar in her fadeless green,
The elm's luxuriant shade,
With all the wilderness of bloom,
So richly now display'd.

While roses blush in beauty,
And lilies fair unfold
Their glossy leaves of various hue,
White, orange, blue, and gold ;
The piony with its drooping head,
Has blown a transient hour ;
Now gently shaken in the breeze,
Descends a crimson shower.

The fragrant pink of every shade
From deepest red to pale,
And sweet-brier with its thorny stem,
That scents the passing gale ;
The luscious strawberry crowns the board,
And ripening cherries say,
The gatherer's hand may well be fill'd
Upon some future day.

THE AFRICAN DOVES.*

WRITTEN FOR THE BAZAAR.

Widow'd and lonely the dove is repining,
The lost one, her mate, was so tender and true;
And still she laments as the day is declining,
In accents of sorrow, coo coo and coo coo.

Their own native woods had the pine-apple growing,
The lime and the orange, so lovely to view,
And sweet through the groves as the sea-breeze was blowing,
They warbled the measure, coo coo and coo coo.

Weary and faint in the palm-shade reposing,
The white-man who came o'er the billows of blue;
How grateful that song, as when day-light was closing,
It broke on his sadness in coo and coo coo.

The sails were all set, and the streamers were flying,
The seamen and landsmen had bidden adieu;
When soft from their cage, as when south winds are dying,
They murmur'd farewell with a coo and coo coo.

* These birds were brought out by the Rev. J. Seys: shortly after one sickened and died.

A POET'S DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE BAZAAR.

FULL on his sight the vision rose,
Of mountains wrapp'd in winter snows,
While fields and woods, far, far away,
Beneath the spotless covering lay.

The river seem'd one desert plain,
Where silence held her quiet reign,
Save where the tinkling sledges bore
Their merchandise from shore to shore.

The wintry storm had sunk to rest,
Or moan'd along the ocean's breast,
While southern breezes seem'd to bring
The hope of summer on their wing.

Then rumblings strange, portentous, drear,
With many a crash, assails the ear, —

The sparry timbers, bending, broke,
As with a start the dreamer woke.

He woke, and lo! the morning ray
Had chas'd the gloom of night away;
Earth, smiling, own'd that genial glow
Which spring, and only spring, can know.

Again the green sward deck'd the mead,
Thick, thick with golden daisies spread,
And orchards, in their annual bloom,
Were breathing soft a mild perfume.

The ploughman, whistling on his way,
With cheerful heart began the day, —
And every warbler prun'd his wing
To greet with song the early spring.

THE BOY'S LAMENT.

WRITTEN FOR THE BAZAAR.

Oh what shall I do, when the snow melts away,
For a ride down the hill in my dear little sleigh?
I'm sure neither summer, nor autumn, nor spring,
With all their enjoyments, such pleasure can bring.

The river, now ice-bound, will break from her chain,
And the smoke of the steamer be curling again;
The lambs on the hill-side will frolic and play;
But sure this is dull to a ride in my sleigh.

And when the katalpa is cover'd with bloom,
And soft-blowing zephyrs are stealing perfume,
And bees at their labour are humming away,
I know I shall sigh for a ride in my sleigh.

In autumn, when skies are so blue and serene,
And the light fleecy cloud on the mountains is seen,
And trees are so lovely, just ting'd by decay,
Oh then I shall hope for a ride in my sleigh.

1836.

THE GIRL'S LAMENT.*

WRITTEN FOR THE BAZAAR.

THE song had ceas'd, and yet I stood
As if to catch those sounds again;
But fate, alas! had so decreed,
That 'twas his last, his sweetest strain.

Now perch'd upon the casement high,
With music trembling on his breath, —
Nor thought nor fear of danger nigh, —
And now inanimate in death.

With sorrowing heart and tearful eyes,
We laid him low, beneath the clod,
Yet sooth'd by hope, that beauteous spring
Would deck with flowers the verdant sod.

There's many a bird whose plumage bright,
And airy fleetness, may combine
To rival thee, — but never one
Can touch my heart with notes like thine.

* On the death of a favourite Canary-bird.

SHEEP-SORREL.

WRITTEN FOR THE BAZAAR.

THERE is a flower unknown to fame,
Whose very name is scarce a name,
Which never yet has won its way
To lady's bower or minstrel's lay.

No product this of sweat and toil, —
Growth of no rich luxuriant soil;
The common hillocks, brown and bare, —
You need but look, to find it there.

Five petals small, of palest gold,
The early smiles of spring unfold;
Nor has its glory pass'd away
On chill November's latest day.

Light pois'd upon its stem is seen
A curious leaf of tender green —
Three hearts distinct, yet bound together,
Alike in storm and sunny weather.

Oh Nature! what a book is thine!
Through every page we read divine,
Calling the simplest weed to prove
How brothers, sisters, friends should love.

OLD GRAY.

TO MASTER R. J. G., A VERY LITTLE BOY.

WRITTEN FOR THE BAZAAR.

Now come, little auditors, listen, I pray;
I've got a fine story to tell you to-day:
I'm sure it will please both the aged and youth,
As many and many can vouch for its truth.

In short, to begin, there was once, on a time,
A certain gray mouser, just turn'd of her prime;
Some call'd her 'Old Gray,' though by all 'twas confess'd
That 'Lady Benevolence' suited her best.

None prompter in duty, by night or by day,
In watching or list'ning to seek for the prey, —

Her ear bending slyly, now this way or that,
As all may observe, who would notice a cat.

A friend at the hen-coop she often was found,
When the rat or the weazle was prowling around,
Or chick became motherless, stray'd from the wing,
A mother was she to the motherless thing.

When silly young kitlings would wrangle and claw,
She settled them soon by the weight of her paw;
Then lectur'd them soundly for doing amiss,
In terms which express'd, 'I'll have no more of this.'

Of temper so cheerful, of kindness so rare,
That few, very few, with herself might compare;
Yet each little master and miss will agree
That puss was a pattern for them and for me.

THE HARVEST RAIN.

Shine out once more, thou radiant sun,
With noon-day splendours bright!
Break through the clouds which veil thy beams!
Diffuse thy cheering light!

Creation, deluged, weeps in showers;
The dripping flocks repine;
The birds are silent on the boughs;
Shine out, — all glorious shine!

No more they grind; — the sithe, the rake,
Are laid as useless by,
While many a wistful look is turn'd
Towards the western sky.

Wake from the north, ye slumb'ring wind!
Dispel the thick'ning gloom!
Lightén with smiles the brow of care, —
With all your influence come.

THE TWO LITTLE BOYS.

The morning was fine — such a promise of spring,
I thought we might just look around,
To see if the red-breast was yet on the wing,
Or green blade had shot through the ground.

So wading through mire and splashing through mud,
And climbing the fences so high,
Along by the creek, and then up through the wood,
We rambled, — my brother and I.

Now pausing to listen, now watching with care,
To see where the squirrel might run, —
We 'spied through the trees that a hunter was there,
Was there with his dog and his gun.

Then weary, and dirty, and hungry withal,
We hurried us homeward, with joy, —
Expecting, no doubt, that whate'er might befall,
A breakfast there was for each boy.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

INSCRIBED TO MISS S. U. W. G.

FOR THE BAZAAR.

WHITHER bound, on pinions fair, —
Whither bound, thou child of air?
Revelling here 'mong fruits and flowers;
Seeking there the shady bowers;
Sipping from the crystal stream;
Sporting in the sunny beam:
What a share of bliss is thine —
Just to eat, and drink, and shine!
This thy task from sun to sun, —
Not a duty left undone;
Not a care distracts thy breast;
Not a fear disturbs thy rest:
Fancy ne'er portrays the storm
Bursting o'er thy fragile form:
Busy trifler! wing thy way, —
Thoughtless, innocent, and gay,

When thy little race is run,
All thy round of pleasure done, —
From the cup, so gayly quaff'd,
Having drain'd the latest draught,
What shall then remain to thee,
But expiring — not to be?

Other claims and duties mine,
Than to eat, and drink, and shine:
Here along our pathway lies
Self-denial — sacrifice: —
Oft the silent tear must flow,
For our own or others' wo; —
All our joys and sorrows past,
Death asserts his power at last:
Yet shall man, when time is o'er,
Live again, to die no more.

THOUGHTS,

ON RECEIVING A BLANK BOOK.

New, blank, and all so neatly bound,
There's inspiration in the sound;
Sure none might see, but fain would write,—
Would mar the pure, unsullied white,
And clothe the pages, in their turn,
'With thoughts that breathe and words that burn'—
Here rescue from destruction's power
Some withering leaf — some fading flower —
Or sketch the rainbow's passing dyes,
Ere swift they vanish from the skies,—
Or call from memory's lonely waste
Some fleeting vision of the past,
As, uncontroll'd, the Muse again
Shall roam through fancy's wide domain.

Is there a heart by grief oppress'd,
An anxious, care-worn, aching breast,—
A load by day, no tongue can tell,
By night a sleepless sentinel? —

There may she speed, and with her bring
A balmy healing in her wing, —
A light the darkness to illume, —
A ray to penetrate the gloom;
Where misery's cup is still the share,
Infuse one drop of comfort there.

Would ills long past afflict the soul?
There bid oblivion's surges roll —
While looks and words, in kindness given,
Are treasur'd with our hopes of heaven.
Be this her aim, her object still,
To cherish virtue — banish ill —
To prove, what endless years shall prove —
'Tis man who errs, — that God is love.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

ILDLY thy beams on the hill-top are streaming,
nd mildly thy glance on the rivulet plays;
ow grateful the swain, when his labours have ended,
nd homeward returning, to welcome thy rays!

And he that's immur'd in the crowds of the city,
A stranger, — all passing him heedlessly by, —
Is cheer'd, as the hues of the twilight are fading,
To see the lone trembler look down from on high.

Joy of the tempest-toss'd! wide o'er the waters,
The winds laid in silence, the billows at rest;
Hope whispers soft, as, when clouds are retiring,
They hail the fair trav'ler again in the west.

Herald of peace! to the care-worn, the weary,
How dear is thy light, at the closing of day,
When, sole in thy realm, thou art shining in brightness,
Unalter'd by time, and unknown to decay!

THE WRECK.

"The Home" is on the deep,
Her crew are blithe and gay,
And swiftly through the foaming surge
They cleave the watery way:
Their hearts are light — their spirits free —
A world of confidence and glee.

The ample deck — the board —
Is throng'd by many a guest,
Of generous soul, and purpose high,
As ever warm'd the breast:
The aged sire, the maiden fair,
The soldier of the cross is there.

And still they speed their way
Towards that genial shore,
Where winter-winds and northern skies
Are felt, are fear'd no more:
Where fruits and flowers their sweets exhale,
Caught by the incense-breathing gale.

The storm is on the deep;
The seas are raging high;
Now melts the stoutest heart, —
An hour of agony!
Around, beneath, no object, save
The yawning gulf — the mountain wave.

She nears the fatal strand; —
Now in the breakers, — hark!
Loud, louder still the roar,
As strikes the foundering bark,
With shriek, and wail, and hollow moan,
And timbers echoing groan for groan.

The mother clasps her babe, —
(Can death itself divide?)
Now clings she to the wreck —
Now meets the whelming tide;
And then a cry so frantic wild
Rang in the blast — 'My child! my child!'

They wait, — they calmly wait, —
Oh God! that wedded pair,*
With soul and body offered up
To Him in solemn prayer:
Faith rent the clouds, presenting higher
The chariot and the steeds of fire.

And he† was there, — the one
To many a heart so dear, —
With academic honours crown'd,
Just entering life's career, —
Young, ardent, pious, truly wise, —
How mete an offering for the skies!

Now rear the column high,
With sculptur'd trophies deck'd;
Tell how, among conflicting waves,
The gallant bark was wreck'd, —

* The Rev. Mr. Cowles and lady.
† A. C. Bangs.

Of buried hopes, and friends no more,
Who perish'd on that fatal shore.

Oct. 1837.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Come, with thy downy wings, soft to my pillow;
Scatter (fresh-gather'd) thy poppies around;
Truce bring to care, — bring a respite to sorrow;
Darken the window, and hush every sound.

Come with thy chalice fill'd, just from the fountain,
Causing forgetfulness still with the sip, —
Rest to the weary limbs — peace to the troubled —
Waters of Lethe to moisten the lip.

Come with thy signet, the eyelids impressing;
Shut out the world, with its toils, from the view:
Hopes all and fears all, — its pains and its pleasures,
Its lights and its shadows, — adieu! and adieu!

1837.

THE MOTHER.

A FRAGMENT.

The helpless babe, soft cradled on her breast,
With many a charm she fondly lulls to rest;
Suffus'd in grief, as oft his face appears,
That gentle hand still wipes his falling tears,—
Soothes every sorrow, heightens every joy,
Till youth, till manhood crowns the wayward boy:
Nor here deserts,— for now, whate'er betide,
The guardian angel lingers at his side;
And blest that lot, if virtue marks the way,
And fortune smiles propitious, day by day,—
Life's current smooth, (despite its every wo,)
The world would seem a paradise below.

PRIDE.

WHAT various forms has pride assumed!
What havoc has it made!
Since first the serpent's head was rear'd
In Eden's peaceful shade.

The high, the low, the rich, the poor,
The beggar, and the king,
Will all agree, without dispute,
That 'tis the accursed thing.

Yet, (strange to tell!) though each can see
This failing in another,
Still, self-excusing, each exclaims—
'The fault is in my brother.'

Were common sense but kept in view,
(And sure there's none will doubt it,)
With kindly thought for others' weal,
The world might do without it.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

The hues of parting day
  Are fading in the west,
And now the twilight gray
  Invites the swain to rest:
A welcome pause, a moment given
To lift the thoughts from earth to heaven.

Now memory wakes the grief—
  The joys long, long gone by;
Nor heeds the rustling leaf—
  The breeze's gentle sigh:
Dreams of the past, that come with power,
To haunt us at the twilight hour.

Rise, grov'ler! stay no more;
  But stretch thy feeble wings,
And strive by faith to soar
  Above terrestrial things,—
Where morn, and noon, and twilight gray,
Are lost in one eternal day.

1837.

HYMN,

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOLARS, ON NEW-YEAR.

Teachers and Children.

LORD, assembled in thy name,
Let us each thy promise claim;
More than two or three are here,
Spared to see another year.

Teachers.

Welcome, children of our care, —
Welcome to the house of prayer;
Lift your hearts with one accord;
Lift your voices, — praise the Lord.

Children.

How shall dust and ashes bring
Offerings mete for Israel's King?

Teachers.

Grateful songs as incense rise, —
This th' accepted sacrifice.

Children.

Will He hear us when we pray?
Will He teach us what to say?

Teachers.

Yes, our hairs are number'd all;
Yes, He marks a sparrow's fall.

Children.

Since we last united here,
Since we hail'd the vanish'd year,
Death has thinn'd our little band, —
One* has sought the spirit's land.

Teachers.

Lord, we ask — be every good
On our youthful charge bestow'd;
Counsel teach them from on high,
How to live and how to die.

Sung by Teachers and Scholars.

* Alluding to the death of one of the Sunday scholars.

CHILDREN'S HYMN,

FOR NEW-YEAR — FOR SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

Attun'd be our voices, as jointly ascending
To welcome our friends and our teachers so dear;
While each little heart, as with love overflowing,
Would tender the wish for a happy new year.

Your eyes are upon us, ye friends of our childhood,
Your bosoms oft beating with hope or with fear;
Though poor the return for your care and your kindness,
Permit us to wish you a happy new year.

And oh, may we never, no never forget you,
Nor grieve you, nor cause you a sigh or a tear,
While onward and upward should still be the motto
Of teachers and children through every new year.

January 1, 1838.

THOUGHTS,

ON READING A LATE PUBLICATION.*

SHUT, shut the book, — such scenes of wo,—
My heart is pain'd, my eyes o'erflow,
As truth is brought before the sight,
Clad in her robes of radiant light.

'Twas thus of old the trav'ler lay,
Robb'd, wounded, bleeding by the way;
None search'd the cause, or pitying ey'd—
The priest, the Levite, turn'd aside;
Hope, sighing, fled, and left despair
To be his sole companion there.

Thou good Samaritan! 'twas thine
To pour the gen'rous oil and wine —
To bind the wounds, the cordial give,
In safety place, and bid him live:
A richer boon than mortal knows, —
More grateful meed than earth bestows,

* The story of Bridget Phealan, in "LIVE AND LET LIVE."

Be thine, when heart and flesh shall fail,
And weakness o'er thy strength prevail—
When praise an empty sound shall be,
And death unfolds eternity.

DIRGE.

TO THE REV. S. R. M——N.

These reflections were suggested to the writer on hearing of the death of a little boy, whose sister had died some time previous. It might truly be said of them, "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

> "But they are dead — those two are dead;
> Their spirits are in heaven."
>
> *Wordsworth.*

TWIN-BUDS of beauty on one stem,
In sun and shower ye grew;
Nor could parental fondness gaze
Upon a lovelier view.

Sarah! thy face was form'd of smiles;
Thy pulses beat with glee;
Each look and motion seeming, still,
As tun'd to harmony:—

So like some freshly-blooming rose,
The queen of other flowers, —
E'en such as once perfum'd the air
Of Eden's blissful bowers.

William, the sweet and sprightly boy,
The child of promise fair, —
The eldest-born, the cherish'd one,
The first their love to share.

I knew those brightly beaming eyes,
That smooth and placid brow,
The rosy mouth, the dimpled cheek, —
Methinks I see them now.

His voice was like the joyous birds
That warble in the spring,
As flying still from tree to tree,
For pleasure on the wing.

And light and buoyant was his step, —
The step which childhood knows;
When free from care, and high in health,
The genial current flows.

I heard their merry voices ring,
As o'er the lawn they stray'd;

Or gayly rear'd their mimic house
Beneath the locust shade.

I saw them on their bended knees,
In prayer at even-tide;
Then calmly on their little bed
They laid them on it, side by side.

The mother's watchful eye was there,
To see that all was right;
The pillow smooth, the kiss dispens'd,
And said the last, good night.

And when the light of morn appear'd
To gladden mount and dell,
A father's blessing on their heads
Like precious dew-drops fell.

But storm and blight and mildew came,
And laid these flowerets low;
And wherefore? sure "we know not now,"
Yet aftertime shall show.

The mystic seal shall then be broke,
The curtain rent in twain;
And that which now is unreveal'd,
Shall then be clear and plain.

1832.

THE BROOM.

Give me a broom, one neatly made
In Niscayuna's distant shade;
Or bearing full its staff upon
The well-known impress, 'Lebanon.'
A handle slender, smooth, and light,
Of bass-wood, or of cedar white;
Where softest palm from point to heel
Might ne'er a grain of roughness feel —
So firm a fix, the stalks confine;
So tightly drawn the hempen line;
Then fan-like spread divided wove,
As fingers in a lady's glove —
To crown the whole, (and save beside,)
The loop, the buckskin loop is tied.

With this in hand, small need to care
If C —— y or J —— n fill the chair —
What in the banks is said or done —
The game at Texas lost or won —
How city belles collect their rings,
And hie to Saratoga springs; —

To Erie's, or Ontario's shore,
To hear Niagara's thunders roar —
While undisturb'd my course I keep,
Cheer'd by the sound of sweep, sweep, sweep.

See learned Doctors rack their brains,
To cure mankind of aches and pains,
When half, and more than half, arise
From want of prudence, — exercise.
The body like a garment wears,
And aches and pains may follow years;
But when I see the young, the gay,
Untimely droop, and pine away,
As if the life of life were o'er,
Each day less active than before, —
Their courage fled, their interest cold, —
With firmer grasp, my broom I hold.

Nor is this all; in very deed
The broom may prove a friend in need;
On this I lean, — on this depend;
With such a surety, such a friend,
There's not a merchant in the place
Who would refuse me silk or lace;
Or linen-fine, or broad-cloth dear,
Or e'en a shawl of fam'd Cashmere,

Though prudence whispering, still would say,
"Remember, there's a rainy day."

Hand me the broom, (a matron said,)
As down the hose and ball were laid;
I think your father soon will come;
I long to see him safe at home.
Pile on the wood, and set the chair, —
The supper and the board prepare;
The gloom of night is gathering fast, —
The storm is howling o'er the waste.

The hearth is swept, arrang'd the room,
And duly hung the shaker-broom,
While cheerful smiles and greetings wait
The master entering at his gate.
Let patriots, poets, twine their brows
With laurel, or with holly boughs;
But let the broom-corn wreath be mine,
Adorn'd with many a sprig of pine;
With wild-flowers from the forest deep,
And garlands from the craggy steep,
Which ne'er have known the gardener's care,
But rise, and bloom spontaneous there.

EPITAPH ON A DROWNED BOY.

A NAMELESS youth lies buried here,
  Who on the sandy beach was thrown;
No mother wept beside his bier, —
  No father claimed him as his own.

Uncover'd on the river's brink,
  A stranger-band around him stood,
As died the solemn funeral rites
  In murmurs o'er the silent flood.

Then hitherward his corpse they bore,
  And laid within its narrow bed,
At rest till call'd to stand before
  The righteous Judge of quick and dead.

ON MISS JULIANNA WIGRAM,

OF ULSTER COUNTY.

How blest are those who die,—
By grace made meet for heaven;
To them alone the victor's palm
And crown of life is given.

ON TWO LITTLE SISTERS.

Sleep, little sisters, side by side,—
No chance, no change can now divide;
Together in the dust you lie,
Together tread the courts on high.
If once the eye of faith could see
Your full, complete felicity,
How would our sad repinings cease,
And all our sighs be hush'd in peace.

ON AN INFANT.

Though sever'd from the little flock
A gracious God has given,
We rest in sure and certain hope
To meet our child in heaven.

ON MRS. WIGRAM,

OF ULSTER COUNTY.

All heart could wish, lies buried here,
Of mother, wife, or friend sincere;
From day to day, she meekly trod
In duty's path, and serv'd her God; —
Serv'd Him by faith, who now is seen
Without a dimming veil between.

ON A CHILD.

Could fondest love have stay'd thy flight,
Or aught detain'd thee here below;
Thou long hadst liv'd to bless our sight,
And cheer us in this vale of wo.

ON A BROTHER AND SISTER.

Thrice blessed be His Holy name,
From whom these precious favours came;
And now, that He resumes His own,
Our bleeding hearts without a groan,
Will strive to say, 'thy will be done.'

NOTE A.

Wild as the Indian sybil's dream of heaven.

She spoke of the anger of the Great Spirit against the red men, especially those of her own nation, nearly all of whom had perished; and that herself and her children, the remnant of her race, would soon sleep in the ground, and that there would be none to gather them at the feast of the dead, or to celebrate their obsequies. But her countenance soon kindled with animation, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure, when changing the mournful scene, she ended with a most glowing description of the beautiful hunting grounds, the ever-during abode of the brave and good red men. These she described as lying far, far beyond the vast western ocean, and as being ten-fold larger than the great continent of America. There, she said, the changing seasons brought no extremes of heat or cold, wet or drought; none were sick, none became old or infirm: and well do I recollect, that pointing to the large poplars near us, some of which were five or six feet in diameter, and rose eighty feet without a limb; she spoke of the largest trees of that country as being twenty times larger, and spreading their broad tops among the stars. Corn, and beans, and pumpkins, and melons, she said, grew there spontaneously; the trees were loaded with the richest fruits; the ground was clothed with perpetual verdure, and the flowers on the prairies were ever blooming and fragrant; the springs were abundant, clear, and cool; the rivers large, deep, and transparent, abounding with fish of endless varieties; the fine open woods were stocked with innumerable herds of buffaloes, deer, elk, and moose, and every species of game; in short, *there* was a paradise containing all that could delight the mind or gratify the senses, and to crown all, the exclusive home of the Indian.—*Spencer's Indian Captivity, p.* 121.

NOTE B.

Xicotencal, an Indian general, who opposed the march of the Spaniards towards Mexico.—*Life of Fernando Cortez, page 53, vol. 2, or Conquest of Mexico.*

NOTE C.

His more than brother, captive in their hand.

Philip fled with his surviving forces to a distant position, where it was impossible to follow him. The last defeat, in which his best fighting men were slain, had broken the power, but not the spirit of Philip. Unable to meet the colonists in the open field, he harassed them in a thousand ways, so that, as the spring advanced, the more industrious and timid were thrown into the extremity of despair, and said, "How shall we wade through another summer like the last?" But the chief was now a wandering exile; his paternal dominion was taken; the singular friendship of Quanonchet, "the mighty sachem of the Narragansets," was his last support. The fidelity of this man was tried to the uttermost: he had received the fugitive with open arms; rallied all his forces around him: they fought, side by side, with the heroism of men on the last strand of their country: were defeated, and fled together, without a reproach or complaint on either side: Quanonchet, venturing out with a few followers near the enemy, was pursued and taken. His behaviour under his misfortunes was very noble and affecting: for when repeated offers were made him of life, if he would deliver up Philip, and submit his own people to the English, he proudly rejected them. They condemned him to die, and, by a refinement of cruelty, by the hands of three young Indian chiefs. The heroic man said "that he liked it well, for he should die before his heart was soft, or he had spoken any thing unworthy of himself."

[*Extracts from Carne's Life of Eliot.*

†

ERRATA.

Page 20, in 5th line from bottom, for *lessons*, read *lesson.*

Page 26, in 3d and 4th lines from bottom, for *adds Sydney "in another place*, read *adds Sydney in another place, "our Sav. &c.*

Page 29, in 7th line from top, for *into*, read *in;* and in last line, for *had*, read *has.*

Page 31, in 12th line from bottom, for *never*, read *would.*

Page 40, in 1st line at the top, for *joy*, read *jog;* and in 8th line from bottom, for *paley*, read *paly.*

Page 50, in 11th line from top, for *such*, read *so.*

Page 60, in two last lines, for *confess*, read *confess'd;* and for *own*, read *own'd.*

Page 67, in 9th line, for *thus* (*the reverend sire,*) read (*thus the reverend sire.*)

Page 73, in the inscription to the Album, for *Miss Y. L. M——N.* read *Miss J. L. M——h.*

Page 89, in 7th line from bottom, for *fix'd*, read *fix'd.*

Page 120, in note at bottom, for *Mr. L——'s*, read *Mr. T——n's.*

Page 161, in 6th line, dele *on it.*

JAN 21 1942